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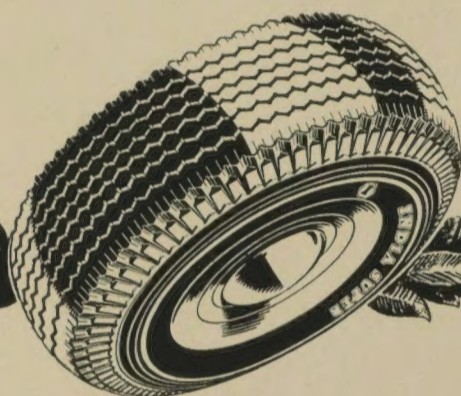
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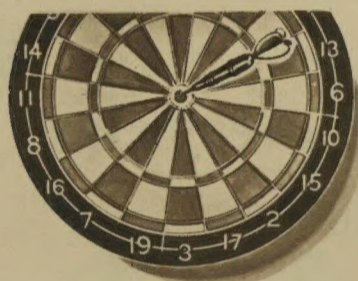
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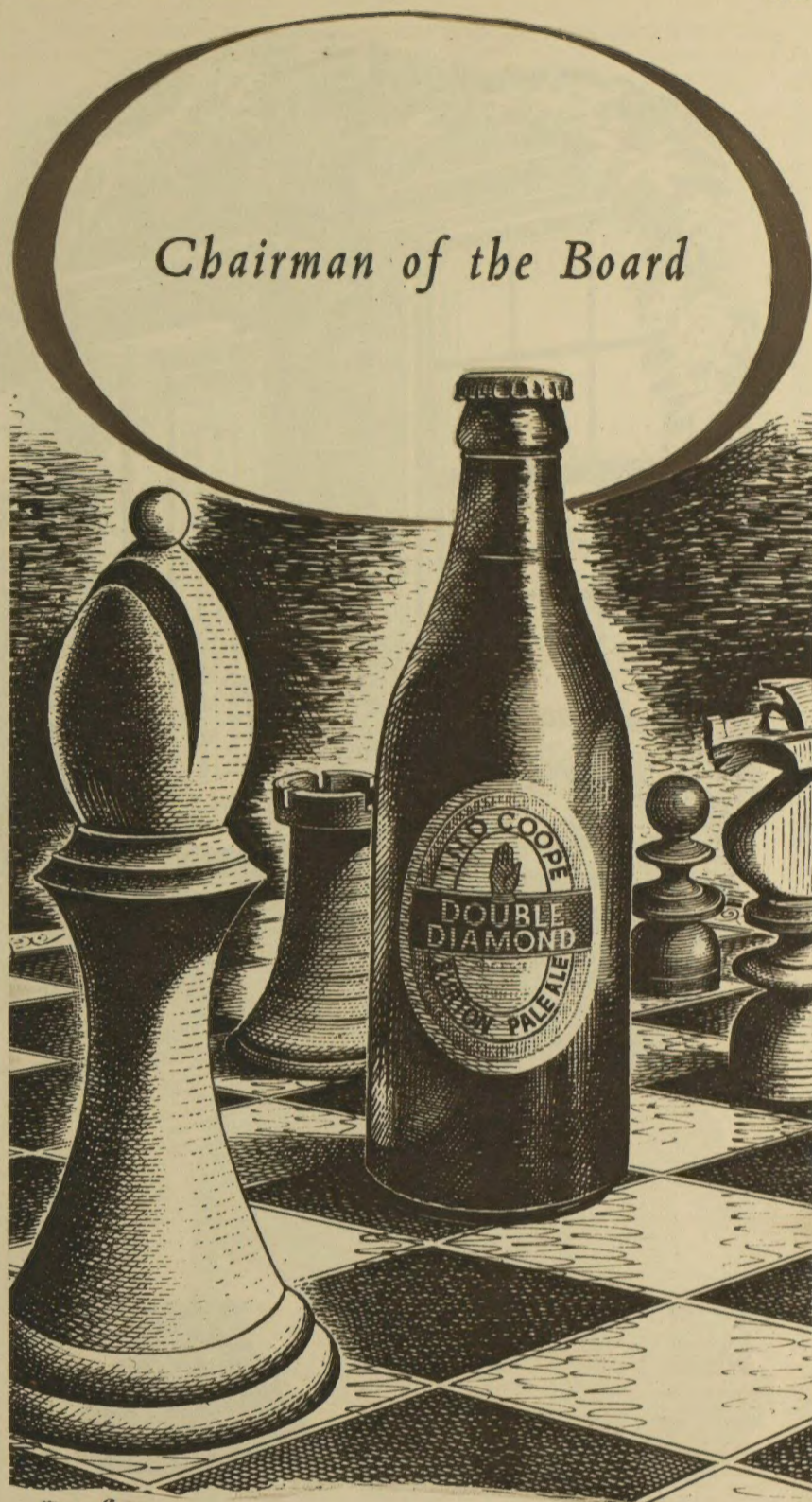
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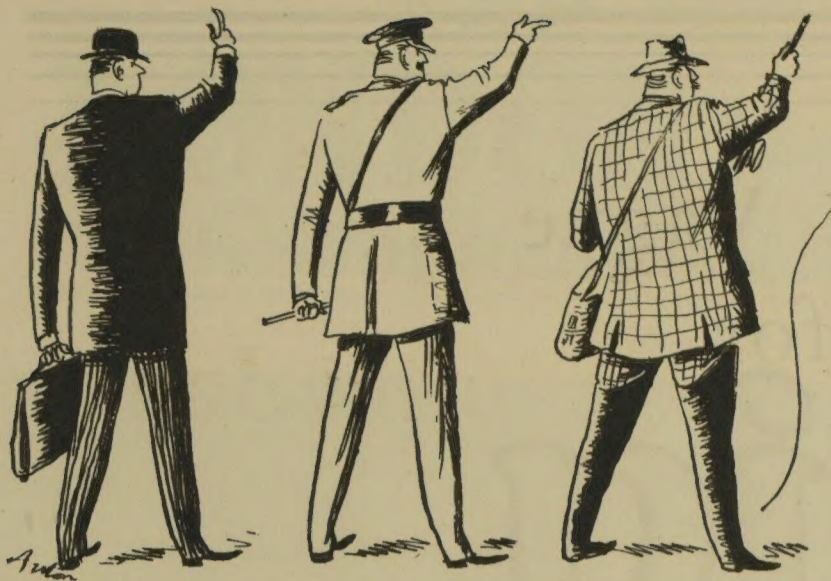
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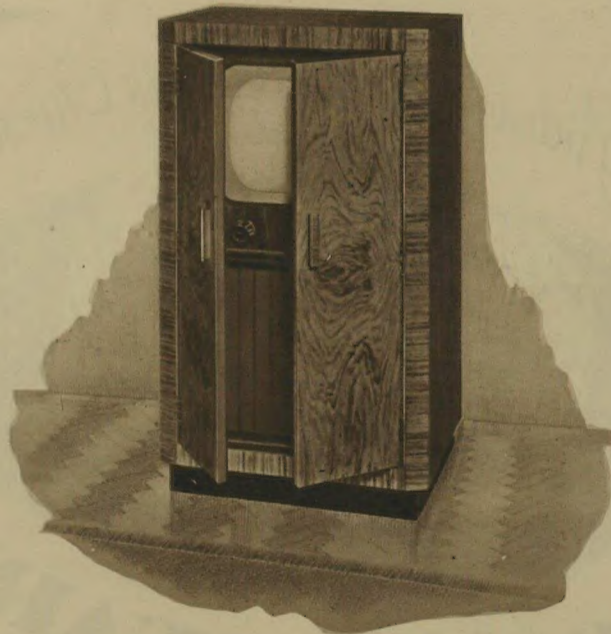


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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1951.



THE FUNERAL OF THE ROYAL MARINE CADETS WHO WERE KILLED IN THE GILLINGHAM ROAD ACCIDENT: SENTRIES OF THE ROYAL MARINES, WITH ARMS REVERSED, GUARDING THE COFFINS BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR IN ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

A large congregation filled Rochester Cathedral on December 12 for the funeral service of twenty of the twenty-four Royal Marine cadets who were killed when a 'bus ran into their marching column at Gillingham on December 4. Silent crowds listened outside the Cathedral to the relayed Memorial Service, and thousands more lined the four-mile route between the Cathedral and Gillingham cemetery as the mile-long procession passed. Dr. Crick, Dean of Rochester, led the prayers at

the Funeral Service, and Dr. Chavasse, the Bishop of Rochester, gave the address, in which he denounced "the social sin of the continuous slaughter of innocents on our high roads." Among the coffins was that of the boy who died in hospital from injuries on December 10. Three of the cadets who were Roman Catholics were buried on December 10, and a fourth was buried privately at Chatham Cemetery on December 11.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WITHIN a few days of this page's appearance it will be Christmas. The banks, the shops, the offices, the factories will be closed, and except for the main public utility services and on the farms, where work never ceases, men will have ceased to labour. The streets will be quiet, with little traffic, the roadways strangely empty, and in the afternoon, after the King's broadcast, the London parks will fill with citizenry in their rather sombre, shabby best. And in a million homes, all over the country, families and kinsmen will sit down together, eat possibly a little more than is good for them, be a little happier or a little sadder than usual—according as to whether they are a happy or a sad family—and make merry. If there are children present—and in most there will be—they will make very merry indeed.

What does it all mean? For a minority in Christian Britain, as elsewhere, Christmas is a religious commemoration, the highlight of the Christian year. For the majority, probably the vast majority, it has little or no more religious significance than New Year's Day or the end of the financial year. For them it is merely a feast and holiday, and is kept by them, because it has been so kept from time immemorial, because their fathers kept it, because their earliest memories of celebration and family reunion go back to Christmas Day. The giving of presents, the decorations on the walls, the songs

and tunes of the familiar carols, the particular kind of fare prepared and eaten on this great day are all sanctified by memory and repeated usage. There is nothing more to it, or seems to be nothing more, except, perhaps, a slight, temporary, yet perceptible all-round rising of the temperature of human kindliness. If the emotion of love and loving could be measured by statistics and represented by graphs in the newspapers, the 25th day of December would almost certainly be marked by a sharp rise and peak.

The "Christian myth": that is how clever men who wish to be thought in tune with the prevailing ideology of our time refer to the body of Christian belief out of which the Christmas feast rises. Perhaps they are right in doing so; perhaps there was a Christian myth which is now no more—a man-made, temporary, evanescent idea that is now dying as other man-made ideas die. But there are certain historical facts which, before we dismiss the "myth" and turn our minds to more up-to-date, tangible, worldly matters—the price-index, the balance of trade, the atomic bomb—we should do well to remember. And but for these facts Christmas would not be kept at all. The first is that on a specific day—a day in history on which the sun rose and fell, both in distant Palestine and on this dark, misty Atlantic island, and on every other place in this little world—there was born in the manger of a poor inn in Judea a child called Jesus who, without any of the material advantages and without doing any of the things that ordinarily give men fame and power, succeeded in influencing profoundly the minds and actions of countless millions of men and women. He was not a prince or a statesman or a warrior, He was not a member of a conquering race, He wrote no book and raised no artistic monument, His years on earth were few and lived out in a poor, obscure, conquered province where He was regarded by most of His more cultivated and educated contemporaries and fellow-countrymen as a person of no standing or consequence. The only crown He wore was a crown of thorns placed on His head at the hour of His final torture and death by the mocking, merciless men into whose hands He had fallen. As a matter of strict prosaic history, it is to celebrate this man's birth some 2000 years ago that we shall all sit down on Tuesday, Christians and unbelievers alike, to eat roast fowl and plum pudding and, possibly—probably, if we are in the company of children—to put paper caps on our heads and read amid laughter little rhyming texts taken out of crackers. It therefore takes, one might think, a good deal of explanation.

It is not wholly answering the historical conundrum set by this apparently baffling *non-sequitur* to reply only that countless people for a great number of generations have affirmed, as millions still affirm to-day, that Jesus was

the Son of God. The theological interpretation put by churches and scholars on Christ's reported words has varied in all ages and varies to this day; where men have only their reasoning to guide them, there can never be any ultimate certainty in theological meanings. What there is, and never has been, any doubt about at all is that those who knew Christ best during His life, and particularly after His terrible and agonising death, became convinced that He both was and knew Himself to be more than man, and the Son of God, and succeeded, in the teeth of every opposition, ridicule and persecution, in communicating that profound conviction and belief to others. Yet it is not the belief of those others that constitutes the heart of the matter; it is what Jesus Himself did during His lifetime to create that belief. What Jesus did caused men to worship what He was. For what He did created, both in those who were witnesses of it and in those who came to learn of it only by hearsay, an inexpugnable conviction of what He was, so intense that they regarded His existence on earth as infinitely the most important thing that had ever happened; so important that not only did they try to alter their own lives, to live, however unsuccessfully, as He had lived, but even, in many cases, deliberately—in order to testify to His existence—elected to die as He had died. This is not a myth; it is fully documented and ascertainable history, as clear of proof as the number of British subjects who perished in road accidents last year or paid entertainment tax to visit the cinema. It happened, and nothing can alter the fact.

For this wonderful man, whom those of us who call ourselves Christians believe to have been more than man, and the Son of God—though the meaning of that phrase is manifestly far beyond our limited human comprehension—possessed an attribute which we know from our own personal experience to be utterly beyond the capacity of human nature. He possessed, and was possessed of, an infinite capacity for love that enabled Him to regard—and treat—every other being's personality, need and suffering as though they were His own. He did not love only individually and spasmodically,

as though they were His own. Anyone who has ever considered at all deeply the nature of human perfection—that quality which we are always ludicrously expecting in others and always, even more ludicrously, expecting others to see in ourselves, and never finding in either—must realise the utter incompatibility of moral perfection with human nature. For if a perfect man existed in a world such as ours he would die of horror and compassion at all the terrible things that happen in it every day and every second. However tender and loving, however shaken and moved by the sufferings and tragedies that affect them personally, men and women instinctively and automatically close their hearts to other tragedies every whit as great as their own and those immediately around them. But a perfect being would not shut his heart to the grief and misery of others in self-protection; he would suffer with them and give himself utterly and unceasingly to endure, relieve and succour them.

The whole meaning of Christmas, the miracle of Christ's birth—and death—is that once, and once only, in human history there was such a being. He loved His fellow men so much that His whole life—and that wonderful, terrible, tragic death—was dedicated, without the least alloy of self or selfish indifference, to the relief and service of all who stood in need of them and, being so, was lived as no man's has ever been before or since. He left us two commandments: that we should love God—whose nature He revealed by His own—with all our being, and that we should love our neighbour as ourselves. However far we are from fulfilling either, we all of us—as a result of Christ's life—come at Christmas for a moment a little nearer to doing the second and, for those who acknowledge our debt to Him, a little nearer the first.



A VIVID REMINDER OF THE REAL MEANING OF CHRISTMAS: THE CRIB IN NAPLES CATHEDRAL WHICH IS THE LARGEST AND MOST ELABORATE IN THE WORLD, AND DEPICTS ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE GATHERED ROUND THE NEW-BORN CHRIST.

The great eighteenth-century crib in the cathedral at Naples, the largest and most elaborate in the world, was made by a number of famous Neapolitan artists, including Sammartino, Mosca and Celebrano. So many different people with their animals and belongings are depicted in the Bethlehem scene that at first sight one has to look for the Holy Family. Here is the inn and the stable, the shepherds, the kings and the angels all portrayed in brilliant colours by a small group of eighteenth-century artists who were trying to convey the centuries-old message that every nation and every person is welcome to the Christ Child.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN: A RECENT PICTURE OF KING MOHAMMED ZAHIR SHAH.

Mohammed Zahir Shah, reigning King of Afghanistan, was born at Kábul in 1914; he married, in November, 1931, his cousin, Umairah, daughter of Sirdar Ahmed Shah Khan; and succeeded his father, Mohammed Nadir Shah, who was assassinated, in November, 1933. He has four surviving sons and two daughters.



PRINCE BIRABONGSE AND SEÑORITA CELIA HOWARD, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS ARRANGED FOR DECEMBER 18. It was announced on December 10 that by permission of the King of Thailand, the marriage arranged between Prince Birabongse, of Bangkok, Thailand, the well-known racing motorist, and Señorita Celia Howard, of Buenos Aires, would take place at the Royal Thai Embassy in Paris on December 18. Prince Birabongse's previous marriage was dissolved last year.



MR. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

Died on December 10, aged eighty-two. A well-known novelist and short-story writer, his first book "The Empty House," appeared in 1906, and immediately established his reputation. A large selection of his stories "The Tales of Algernon Blackwood," was published in 1938 and another, "Tales of the Uncanny and Supernatural," in 1949. He was one of the B.B.C.'s most popular story-tellers, and won the Television Society's silver medal for the outstanding artistic achievement of 1948.



SIR ALEC KIRKBRIDE.

Appointed Britain's first Minister in Libya, which became an independent State on December 15. Sir Alec Kirkbride, who is fifty-four, has been Minister to Jordan since 1946. He has served for some thirty years in Arab lands and was an intimate of the late King Abdullah of Jordan.



MR. GEOFFREY W. FURLONGE.

Appointed British Minister in Jordan in succession to Sir Alec Kirkbride. Mr. Furlonge, who is forty-eight, is head of the Eastern Department at the Foreign Office. He joined the Levant Consular Service in 1926. In January, 1947, he was attached to the Imperial Defence College.



COL. ADIB EL SHESHEKLY.

The Chief of Staff of the Syrian Army, Colonel Adib el Sheshekly—as reported in our issue of Dec. 15—seized power on Nov. 29. This is the fourth *coup d'état* carried out by the Syrian Army since Colonel Hosni el Zaim launched it on its political career on March 30, 1949.



MR. HAROLD WALLACE ROSS.

The Editor of *The New Yorker* since 1925, Mr. Harold Wallace Ross died recently in Boston, aged fifty-nine. He made history in American journalism by producing a humorous magazine of an original kind, which satirised with brilliance the sophisticated world of New York.



RESIGNED AS FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE: M. SPAAK.

M. Paul-Henri Spaak, the Belgian Socialist leader, resigned on December 11 as first President of the Assembly of the Council of Europe. He resigned the chair because of the frustration he felt in watching the Assembly declining, as he saw it, to measure up to historical opportunity.



TENDING CHINESE ORPHANS: SISTER MARIE RAYMOND, WHO IS TO BE TRIED BEFORE A "PEOPLE'S COURT." Following the public trial and condemnation by a People's Court of five Canadian nuns in China, another foreign nun, the French Sister Marie Raymond, has been arrested by the Chinese Communists and is to be tried by a People's Court in Peking on charges of murdering orphans. Our photograph was received in France by her sister.



TWO TOP CADETS: SENIOR UNDER-OFFICER A. LOGSDAIL (R.) AND JUNIOR UNDER-OFFICER M. ATKINS.

The top candidates in the passing-out parade of officer cadets at the Women's Royal Army Corps School of Instruction at Hindhead, on December 12, were Senior Under-Officer Audrey Logsdail, of Bristol, and Junior Under-Officer Maureen Atkins, of Liverpool. Senior Under-Officer Logsdail was awarded the ceremonial sash for the officer cadet selected as the most outstanding leader.



SIX NOBEL PRIZE-WINNERS OF 1951 IN STOCKHOLM: (L. TO R.) SIR JOHN COCKCROFT, PROFESSOR E. T. S. WALTON, DR. EDWIN MACMILLAN, PROFESSOR G. T. SEABORG, DR. MAX THEILER AND HR. PAR LAGERKVIST.

Six Nobel prize-winners of 1951—Sir John Cockcroft and Professor E. T. S. Walton (Physics), Dr. Edwin MacMillan and Professor G. T. Seaborg (Chemistry), Dr. Max Theiler (Medicine) and Hr. Par Lagerkvist (Literature)—received their prizes on December 10 from King Gustaf Adolf at the traditional ceremony in the Stockholm Concert Hall. It was the fiftieth occasion on which Nobel Prizes have been awarded.



LORD ADDISON.

Died on December 11, aged eighty-two. He had a long and distinguished career in both Houses of Parliament culminating in the leadership of the Labour Party in the House of Lords. As Dr. Christopher Addison he entered Parliament as a Liberal in 1910 and became first Minister of Health in 1919. After a break with the Lloyd George Government in 1921 he transferred his allegiance to the Labour Party. He was created a baron in 1937 and held a number of important Ministerial posts.

A GREAT PIANIST'S BIOGRAPHY OF A FAMOUS COMPOSER.

"IN SEARCH OF CHOPIN"; By ALFRED CORTOT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SINCE Pachmann died, M. Cortot has been the most renowned interpreter of Chopin on the concert-platform; at any rate, in this hemisphere. After a lifetime of service to Chopin at the keyboard, he has now written (the publishers do not indicate any date for the French original, but I now find it was published in 1949) a book about him which is a gem of interpretation in another medium. Had

report of one concert, he wrote that the audience did not merely await "a skilled virtuoso, a pianist who was master of the keyboard, not only an artist of renown, he was someone far beyond all this—they awaited Chopin! Coming to France some ten years ago, Chopin, amid the crowd of pianists which at this period arrived from all over the world, did not struggle for first or second place. He performed very seldom in public, the especially poetic character of his talent did not show to advantage in such surroundings. Like flowers which only open their sweet-smelling blossoms at nightfall, he needed an atmosphere of peace and retirement to express freely the wealth of melody he had within him. Music was his language: a divine language by means of which he expressed a whole range of feelings which could be appreciated only by the few. The music of his homeland sang to him the songs and sad days of Poland, lending to his art some strange, mysterious poetry, which, for those who have taken it to their hearts is incomparable. . . . This refined and delicate artist has remained undisturbed by any attack. Criticism is silent, as though posterity had already delivered judgment; and among the audience which came to greet the poet who has remained silent for too long, there was no reticence, no restraint, praise was on every tongue."

"On every tongue" in that hall: but general fame waited until after his death. From his performances (which were usually undertaken for charity or because of personal need) he received little; and little indeed from the publication of those Nocturnes, Ballades, Polonaises which before long were to be found in every music-rack from here to Woolloomooloo. He had to teach; and, when he was at death's door, was constrained by poverty to undertake a tour of England and Scotland. He played, in a private house, before the Queen and Prince Consort, but saw no more of them, because the Court was in mourning. For large-scale concerts here he had an even stronger distaste than he had abroad. He would not play at the Philharmonic Hall: "I have been there and seen what happens. Prudent gave a

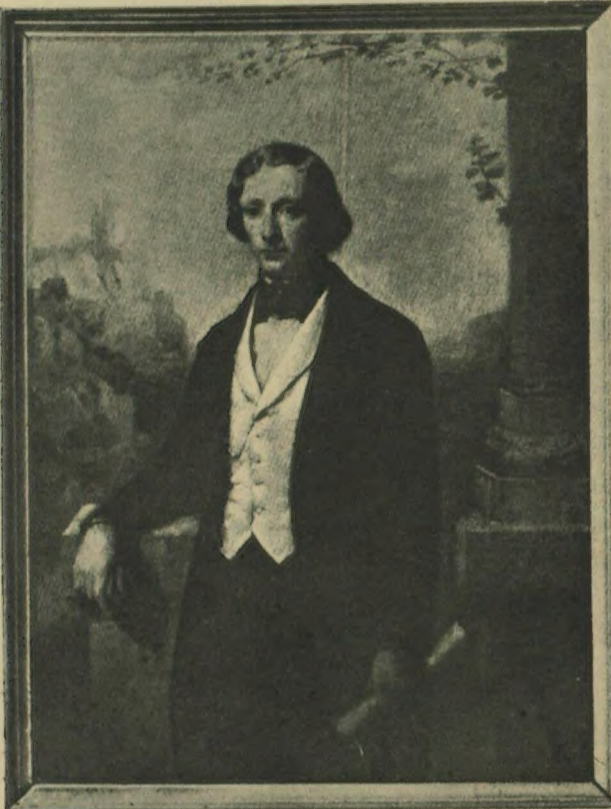
concert there and it was a fiasco. In this Hall one must play Mozart, Beethoven or Mendelssohn and, though I am assured that my Concertos have been played there, I would prefer not to, for the effect would be nil. . . . Their orchestra, like their *rostbif* or their turtle soup is substantial, hearty, but it holds nothing more. . . . All that I have said would not of itself be a valid excuse, were it not for the fact that as "Time's is money" [*sic*] there will only be one public performance and they never have rehearsals, which makes it impossible."

His mother was Polish: he was Polish by birth and upbringing and a passionately Polish nationalist. But



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MONSIEUR ALFRED CORTOT, ONE OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF CONTEMPORARY PIANISTS.

Alfred Cortot, one of the most distinguished of contemporary pianists, is the author of "In Search of Chopin," reviewed on this page. He is of French-Swiss parentage, and was born in Switzerland in 1877, and educated at the Paris Conservatoire. He is President of the Ecole Normale de Musique, and holds the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society. His power, brilliance and verve, coupled with tender poetic feeling, make him an unrivalled interpreter of Chopin.



FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN (1810-1849); A PORTRAIT IN OILS BY LOUIS GALLAIT, PAINTED IN 1843.

"The celebrated Polish composer is shown standing, three-quarter length, in a romantic landscape embellished with mountains and a mediaeval castle . . . at this period at the height of his fame he does not as yet show any sign of the illness which was to prove fatal a few years later."

this been a biography of the fashionable type—there have been volumes on Shelley which enlarged on all his loves, but quoted hardly a line of his verse—it would have been "bumped out" by matter not relevant to music, and there would have been enormous chapters, padded with extracts from George Sand's writings, about those years during which that voraciously maternal amorist collared him, coddled him, nursed him, neglected him and finally discarded him—though she did at least probably prolong his consumptive life. But M. Cortot's is no "exhaustive" biography. Brief, delicate and precise, it is the result of meditation on the essential Chopin, the composer, the pianist and the passionate, sensitive, reticent, disdainful man from whom sprang the music which it is possible that none but he has ever played to perfection, and even he only at certain moments of inspiration when mood and surroundings were in harmony.

In this short book M. Cortot keeps a complete balance between his three themes: the man, the composer and the executant, of the two latter of which he says: "Chopin was not only the most music-minded of pianists, he was also the most exceptionally keyboard-minded of composers." As a pianist, Princess Belgiojoso said of him: "Chopin is greater than the greatest of pianists. He is the only one." We, who never had a chance of hearing him, can only, after all M. Cortot's quotations and subtle commentary, think of him as the pianist who played Chopin perfectly. His public appearances as a pianist were few and sporadic. Tactician as he was, he preferred small, choice audiences to multitudes; in large halls, with accompanying orchestras, he was swamped, and insensitive critics complained that he was inaudible. The man for them was Liszt, of whom a modern poet has written:

The Abbé Liszt
Hit the piano with his fist;
That was the way
He used to play.

And, by the same token, it took some time for his delicate compositions, now familiar all over the world, to percolate.

His peers recognised him quickly enough. Schumann was very early, and Liszt wrote several times about him, in an almost dithyrambic way. In a



TAKEN IN PARIS DURING THE LAST MONTHS OF CHOPIN'S LIFE: A DAGUERRETYPE PORTRAIT.

"The original . . . gives an aspect of Chopin's appearance previously overlooked or unknown . . . it does not suggest the distinguished melancholy seen in most of his portraits. Rather it hints at an aloof concentration as though by instinct he had refused to be caught by a technique unable to interpret the emotional spiritual aspects of his personality."

Illustrations from "In Search of Chopin"; reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Peter Nevill, Ltd.



"VELVET FINGERS," AS GEORGE SAND LOVED TO CALL THEM: CASTS OF CHOPIN'S HANDS. "Spatulate fingers, developed by practice, tendons in relief, with a skin through the pores of which everything ignoble has evaporated, this human mechanism serves the ideal."



his father was French and it was suitable that, after going to France for a short stay, he should have remained for twenty years, and that he should have exercised a profound influence on French music. "In no other music than his," says M. Cortot, "could Fauré, Debussy and Ravel have discovered a harmonic language so bewitching, so light, so flexible and penetrating, whose emotional poetry he revealed to us over a century ago."

Before this otherwise adequate translation goes into a second edition, a little proof-reading would be advisable. There are misspellings and printer's errors ("Countess" is well enough, and "Comtesse," but what is "Comtess"?), and here and there either typist or compositor has misread a manuscript. The bibliography at the end is useful; and the "disco-graphy" a very full list of records from Chopin's works, notably welcome. The choice of the illustrations, however, I cannot entirely understand.

M. Cortot discusses at some length the iconography of Chopin. He says of a portrait by Gallait that it is "a stilted composition" and that "no glow comes from this accurate, lifeless face"—and indeed that is a fair portrait of a young dandy and an even better one of a white waistcoat. Of a portrait by Rubio which is in his possession he says that it represents Chopin in spirit and "seems to me to be a singularly exact translation on canvas of the unhappy face of a beloved composer. . . . It gives me the illusion of being in intimate daily contact with that sublime personality from whom came those subtle, nostalgic musical utterances which were to transform the fundamental essentials of piano-music." Moscheles, asked what Chopin was like to look at, replied, "His music." This portrait seems to convey that. But Rubio is not reproduced here, whereas Gallait's sartorial piece appears twice—as a frontispiece and on the jacket. It is a pity that the reader's curiosity about a portrait should be aroused and not satisfied.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1048 of this issue.

* "In Search of Chopin." By Alfred Cortot. Translated by Cyril and Rena Clarke. Illustrated. (Peter Nevill; 22s. 6d.)



ONE OF THE GREAT HAZARDS WHICH BAR THE WAY TO EVEREST FROM THE SOUTH-WEST : A CREVASSE ON THE GREAT ICE-FALL BELOW THE WESTERN CWM, AN APPROACH JUDGED IMPOSSIBLE FOR LADEN PORTERS.

With the conclusion of this year's Mount Everest Reconnaissance Expedition, the purpose of which has been to explore the possibility of approaching the summit from the south-west, in Nepal, it has become plain that the success of such an approach depends on the great 2000-ft. ice-fall at the lower end of the Western Cwm. This ice-fall has proved, on exploration, to be a tremendous hazard, menaced with sudden crevasses and ice avalanches, and, in the words of Mr. Eric Shipton, the leader of the party: "It was obvious to us that though

it might be possible for a party of unladen mountaineers working on long ropes and taking every available precaution, to get through the ice-fall without undue risk, one would not be justified in attempting to do so with a party of laden porters, whose movements are always very difficult to control." It would appear, however, that if, by any means, the ice-fall could be conquered "there was undoubtedly a practicable route from [the West Cwm's] head to the South Col."

Photograph and excerpts from Mr. Eric Shipton's dispatch by arrangement with "The Times."



RECALLED AS A PROTEST AGAINST BRITISH "AGGRESSION": AMR PASHA, THE EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON.

ON December 13 the Egyptian Government announced that the Egyptian Ambassador in London, Amr Pasha, would be recalled as a protest against British "aggression" in the Canal Zone, leaving the affairs of the Embassy in the hands of a *Chargé d'Affaires*. It was stated by the British Embassy in Cairo that this step did not necessarily involve the recall of the British Ambassador, Sir Ralph Stevenson, who has been active in presenting the British case to the Egyptian Government. Amr Pasha, a one-time

(Continued below.)



STRENGTHENING THE DEFENCES OF THE WATER-FILTRATION PLANT TO WHICH THE NEW "PEGASUS AVENUE" LEADS: A SOLDIER BUILDING A BARRICADE OF EARTH AND ROCK WHILE OTHERS MOUNT GUARD.



(ABOVE.) WATCHING A BRITISH TANK ABOUT TO PLOUGH THROUGH AN EGYPTIAN MUD HOUSE DURING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW ROAD TO THE WATER-FILTRATION PLANT: BRITISH TROOPS ON GUARD.

DISCUSSING THE PLANS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF "PEGASUS AVENUE": THE GOVERNOR OF SUZ, IBRAHIM AZKY EL KHOLY BEY, WITH BRIGADIER GREENACRE (LEFT) AND OTHER BRITISH OFFICERS.



CLEARING AWAY THE RUBBLE LEFT BY THE TANKS WHICH DEMOLISHED THE EGYPTIAN HOUSES: AN ARMY BULLDOZER AT WORK PREPARING THE GROUND FOR THE NEW ROAD.

(Continued.) "world champion at squash rackets, has been a popular figure in London since 1944, where he has been recognised as an able and courageous representative of his country. On December 7 Lieut.-General Sir George Erskine, commanding British troops in Egypt, announced that at dawn on the following day British troops would begin the construction of a new road to the water-filtration plant outside the port in order to enable the transport of materials to it without interference and to protect its garrison, which had been subjected to terrorist bomb-throwing, resulting in considerable damage to the plant. On the same day, Brigadier W. Greenacre, Suez District Commander, met the

(Continued above, right.)



THE PRICE OF GUERRILLA WARFARE AGAINST THE BRITISH IN THE CANAL ZONE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS OF A VILLAGE DESTROYED BY TANKS AND DYNAMITE CHARGES TO MAKE WAY FOR A NEW ROAD. IT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED THAT THE INHABITANTS WILL BE COMPENSATED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.



CLEARING A WAY FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF "PEGASUS AVENUE": DYNAMITE CHARGES DETONATING AND REDUCING EGYPTIAN DWELLINGS TO MOUNDS OF RUBBLE, AN OPERATION COMPLETED WITHOUT INCIDENT.



(ABOVE.) CHARGING THROUGH A MUD HUT WHICH LAY ACROSS THE ROUTE OF "PEGASUS AVENUE": A BRITISH TANK MAKING SHORT WORK OF THE DEMOLITIONS NECESSARY BEFORE ROAD-MAKING COULD BEGIN.

(Continued.) Egyptian Governor of Suez, Ibrahim Azky el Kholy Bey, and showed him exactly where the road would be made and indicated the buildings that would have to be demolished to make way for it. The operation was carried out by a party of Royal Engineers assisted by a troop of the 4th Battalion, Royal Tank Regiment, with some bulldozers. One battalion of the 16th Parachute Brigade, under the command of Brigadier K. T. Darling, was deployed to protect the working parties. The new road, named "Pegasus Avenue"

(Continued below.)



THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN CAIRO: SIR RALPH STEVENSON, WHO HAS BEEN ACTIVE IN PRESENTING THE BRITISH CASE.



COMMANDING THE 16TH PARACHUTE BRIGADE, WHICH GUARDED THE WORKING PARTIES CONSTRUCTING THE NEW ROAD: BRIGADIER K. T. DARLING (LEFT) WITH ANOTHER OFFICER DURING THE OPERATION.



GUARDING THE ROAD-MAKERS, WHO COMPLETED THEIR TASK IN THIRTY-SIX HOURS: A BRITISH MACHINE-GUN POST ON A ROOF, COVERING THE TOWN OF SUZ.

(Continued.) after the badge of the Parachute Brigade, was completed in thirty-six hours, and this included the construction of a Bailey bridge over the Sweet Water Canal. No incidents were reported and the work proceeded smoothly. Egyptians who have had their homes demolished are to be compensated by the British Government. The infiltration plant provides drinking water for the troops in the Suez area and for the ships entering Port Taufiq at the southern entrance of the Suez Canal. General Erskine pointed out to the Egyptian authorities that the demolition of the houses was not a punitive measure but a military necessity to avoid further incidents with the local population.

NOT PUNITIVE BUT A NECESSARY MILITARY MEASURE: THE BUILDING OF "PEGASUS AVENUE," JOINING THE SUZ GARRISON WITH A WATER-FILTRATION PLANT, AND DIPLOMATIC REPERCUSSIONS.

THE PRINCESS WITH
THE HONOURABLE
CYMMRODORION
SOCIETY: HER ROYAL
HIGHNESS PRESENTING
A ROYAL CHARTER,
AND ACCEPTING
A MEDAL.



(ABOVE.) PRESENTING THE ROYAL CHARTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HONOURABLE CYMMRODORION SOCIETY, SIR IDRIS BELL: PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE ON DECEMBER 13.



(LEFT.) A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE IN A GOLD LACE DRESS MADE IN CRINOLINE STYLE, WITH THE RIBBON OF THE GARTER AND MAGNIFICENT JEWELS, INCLUDING A RUBY AND DIAMOND NECKLACE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH.



WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY, SIR IDRIS BELL (CENTRE), AND THE HON. SECRETARY, SIR JOHN CECIL-WILLIAMS: THE PRINCESS AT THE CONVERSAZIONE HELD IN THE STATE APARTMENTS OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE.



ACCEPTING THE CYMMRODORION MEDAL FOR "GREAT AND SPECIAL DISTINCTION" FROM SIR IDRIS BELL, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL CYMMRODORION SOCIETY: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, THE SECOND WOMAN ON WHOM THIS MEDAL HAS BEEN CONFERRED.

THE Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, founded in 1751 to encourage the art, literature and science of Wales, on December 13 received from Princess Elizabeth the Royal Charter granted by its patron, the King. The ceremony took place at a conversazione held in the State Apartments of St. James's Palace as the culmination of the celebrations of the Society's 200th anniversary. The Royal Charter which the Princess presented to Sir Idris Bell, President of the Society, was handed to her by Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, as Minister for Welsh Affairs, and her Royal Highness accepted from the President the Cymmrodorion Medal for "great and special distinction." This Medal, instituted seventy years ago, for work for Wales and for Welsh literature, science and art, has only been awarded thirty times, and the Princess is the second woman to receive it. The first was the late Dr. Mary Davies, a Welsh musician. The Princess also accepted a copy of the History of the Society. More than a thousand people attended the reception, and the orchestra of the Welsh Guards played Welsh airs before the arrival of the Princess. She was a beautiful figure, in a gold lace dress made in crinoline style, with her Garter Ribbon and magnificent jewels. The King sent a message of congratulation, and in her speech the Princess referred to the pleasure which a visit to the Principality always gave her. Sir Wynn Wheldon, Chairman of the Society's Council, acclaimed the Princess as Countess of Merioneth (a title borne by the Duke of Edinburgh), and quoted a poem by a Welsh troubadour which he then translated.

LONDON UNIVERSITY'S TRIBUTE TO THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE: T.R.H. BECOME HON. DOCTORS OF LAWS.



WATCHED BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE: THE EARL OF ATHLONE INVESTING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH HIS BLUE AND SCARLET HOOD AS AN HON. DOCTOR OF LAWS AT THE SENATE HOUSE, UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, ON DECEMBER 11.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: MISS PUI YONG GOH, OF MALAYA, REPRESENTING STUDENTS RESIDENT AT CANTERBURY HALL, BEING PRESENTED TO THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE.



AFTER HE HAD BEEN PRESENTED: MR. ARTHUR WINT, THE RUNNER, FROM JAMAICA, CONVERSING WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE. THE EARL OF ATHLONE IS SEEN, LEFT.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on December 11 at a ceremony in the Senate House of the University of London, and her Royal Highness became the youngest Doctor of Laws in the history of the University. The ceremony of investing her and her consort with their blue and scarlet hoods was carried out by the Princess's great-uncle, the Earl of Athlone, Chancellor of the University, who recalled that only once before on a single occasion had a Royal pair been admitted to the University. That was in 1903, when Queen Mary and King George V. became



REPRESENTING THE FULBRIGHT SCHOLARS: MISS C. A. CHILDS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, AND MR. F. M. WRIGHT, OF ILLINOIS, BEING PRESENTED TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

the first honorary graduates. In her speech in reply, the Princess addressed some words specially to the undergraduates, reminding them that to see the University from within was a piece of fortune which she and the Duke had never known. Mr. A. S. Wint, the runner, from Jamaica, who holds the 1948 Olympic record for the 400 metres and the British (all-comers) record 1949 and 1951 for the 440 yards, was among those presented, an honour also enjoyed by a Malayan student representing the residents at Canterbury Hall, and Miss C. A. Childs and Mr. F. M. Wright, who represented Fulbright scholars.

I HAVE never been among the most enthusiastic supporters of the principle of a European Army. It has always appeared to me that many of its foremost backers underrated the difficulties and that these might actually be so great as to handicap the defence of Western Europe and even to retard its completion. The chief supporters, of course, took an entirely opposite view and proclaimed that a European Army provided the only means of establishing this defence on a sound footing. It seemed, however, that the creation of a European Army promised a solution of the problem of Western German rearmament, and if it would achieve that much, it would come as a godsend. The planners certainly began badly, largely as the result of impracticable French proposals amounting to the creation of "cannon-fodder" in the German contingent, which was to have consisted of small, uneconomic and almost defenceless lightly-armed units. That stage was passed and the experts, meeting with a welcome absence of publicity, have made really good progress since the spring as regards preliminary outlines of the military organisation. This work, unknown to the public, has been praiseworthy and promising. Yet the military side, with all its complexities, is simple by comparison with the political and economic.

First of all, Britain stands out. There, despite Mr. Churchill's warm advocacy of the scheme in the past, there seems little difference between the attitude of the late and present British Governments. The explanation given is that the United Kingdom forms part of a Commonwealth of Nations, all of which, with the exception of itself, are situated outside Europe. I doubt whether this is an altogether adequate reply—and, if I am sceptical, I find myself in this instance in the company of Dr. Adenauer and General Eisenhower. Britain extends a mild, if not a tepid, blessing to the European Army, but refuses to have any part in it. Then in France the enthusiasm seems to have died down to a large extent, cooled, perhaps, by the flow of a cold current across the Straits of Dover. General de Gaulle has shown himself an uncompromising opponent of the scheme in its present form, and there seems little doubt that he has more support on this point than on some other items in his programme. The opposition in Germany is uncompromising, and it comes from a man who may find himself with a parliamentary majority behind him very shortly, Dr. Schumacher.

An even more serious aspect of the case remains to be examined. The Benelux States were warm adherents of the principle of a European Army, but at the time of writing they have balked over a feature of it which the French consider vital, a common military budget. Belgium protests that in order to introduce this it would be necessary to alter her constitution, and declares that she does not intend to abrogate her sovereignty to this extent. And Belgium, it may be noted, has, for her size, accomplished more than France in making defence a reality. The United States is deeply disappointed. Britain is blamed for selfishness only, but a more formidable indictment is being drawn up against France. It is suggested that she has made little attempt to fulfil her rearmament plans, that factories destined for the production of military material are in many cases either standing idle or producing goods such as touring cars, and that there is little to show for flowery promises and eloquent talk. Already it is being pointed out that American pockets are not bottomless; in fact, the latest application for more aid has not been well received.

Should deadlock prevent further progress of the scheme at present under discussion for the creation of a European Army, it may be that the United States and Western Germany will decide to work out the question of German rearmament together. The alternative would be for France to go forward with a European Army drawn from her own and German troops, with the nominal addition of Italian. I say nominal because, even if Italian troops are included in a European Army, they will not form part of it in a tactical sense, because they will be stationed far away from it, and it would be absurd to form a single supply system for Mediterranean and Northern European forces. It would, however, render opposition to the scheme in national Parliaments stronger than ever if the European Army were to be limited to contingents from three nations, and, as I have pointed out, it is pretty strong already. The original scheme was for six nations, with a Council of Ministers, a Court of Justice, a common defence budget, a standard system of training, a single supply system, and joint armaments production, with rather small divisions as the maximum national formations. There may be a compromise which will save that scheme, but at present the prospects are not bright. Reproaches are flying to and fro and everyone seems to be talking about something different, the only similarity being that what is said contains in every case allegations of apathy or laxity.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

WANING PROSPECT OF A EUROPEAN ARMY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

History is repeating itself. The Western Union, based upon the Franco-British Alliance and the Benelux Pact, started with the backing of great enthusiasm and good prospects of success. As I have often pointed out here, it accomplished invaluable work in its earlier phases, work which has assuredly provided pointers for S.H.A.P.E. Questions of mobilisation, transportation and the like were solved by first-class international teams. Whereas General Eisenhower had created in the war headquarters composed of American and British staff officers working together efficiently and in harmony, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, General de Lattre de

willing mistress. She was asked, urged to revivify boards and councils which looked as though they were alive because they sat upright in their chairs, but which were as good as dead because they had fallen into a sort of catalepsy. She did not want to undertake the task.

The new Americanised organisation started off even better than its predecessor; General Eisenhower really did command, whereas Field Marshal Lord Montgomery had been a chairman designated as Supreme Commander in the event of war. And to a considerable extent the promises have been fulfilled in the course of the year now ending. Great improve-

ments have been made, and the West is more defensible than in 1950. And even now it is a healthy sign that the Governments are wrangling. Doubtless it would be preferable that they should agree, but wrangling at least presupposes interest in the subject, which was at a very low ebb before the coming of General Eisenhower. Otherwise the familiar signs are again to the fore. The vice of free nations in council is that they resemble dons at a college meeting: while one is speaking, none of the others are listening but all are thinking of what they are hoping to say themselves. Bad as was the first breakdown, another now would be worse. Then the United States was standing in the background; to-day no such possibility of a rescue exists. We shall have to succeed with the means now at our disposal or to fail.

As I said at the beginning of this article, I supported the principle of a European Army entirely with reference to Western German rearmament. Were that factor left out of account, it seemed to me that Western European defence could be made sounder on the wartime Eisenhower recipe: "integration at the top, national forces below," provided that doctrine and training were standardised. On the whole, it is to be expected that a corps formed of three divisions of the same nationality will be more efficient than one of a French, a German and a Belgian division. The difference may not be great; but small influences are apt to turn the scale in war. There can, in my view, be no question that if the creation of a European Army insures the co-operation of Western Germany and that co-operation cannot be secured by other means, then its advantages far outweigh any drawbacks which may be inherent in it. Despite the heavy weather into which the scheme has now run, it still appears to afford the best chance of willing and efficient German association, so that even a doubtful compromise would be better than abandonment of the whole principle. The Belgian-Dutch suggested compromise, which is that uniformity should virtually be restricted to command, cannot be considered satisfactory, because command of an international force is likely to need the power of an international political machinery behind it. Perhaps something more promising will have emerged from the conference at Strasbourg by the time these words are published.

It will be high time. A dangerous amount of delay, frustration, and wasted effort stands to the discredit of the States which have banded themselves together to withstand aggression. If German contingents in a European Army were to be enrolled to-morrow, it would in any case take a long time, perhaps upwards of two years, before they could become an effective fighting force, and the next two years will be critical. In all this, Britain escapes the heaviest blame because she has, while the country groans under the weight of taxation and lives the life of a helot community, producing all its best goods for the use and enjoyment of others, made by far the best contribution to rearmament. Even of her the future historian may be inclined to say that a

warmer heart, a broader understanding and less pedantry in her relations with her Continental partners might have removed some of the obstacles in the path of Western Europe. On a smaller point, Mr. Churchill was surely justified in expressing regret that Britain had not been represented by a delegation at the conference which has been sitting in Paris throughout the greater part of the year 1951. Looking back to the beginning of this article, I see that I have written the words "waning prospect" at its head. There is, I must admit, no justification for them in official utterances in any of the countries concerned, but they were suggested by the pessimism on the subject which I have met with in unofficial but none the less well-informed circles. I can only hope that the relative optimism of the Prime Minister in his speech on December 6 will prove a more accurate forecast than the head-shakings I have observed in corridors.

LEADING FIGURES AT THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE.



AN INFORMAL CHAT BEFORE THE SESSION OF THE COMMITTEE OF FOREIGN MINISTERS AT STRASBOURG ON DECEMBER 11-12: SIGNOR DE GASPERI (ITALY), M. SCHUMAN (FRANCE), M. STIKKER (HOLLAND), M. VAN ZEELAND (BELGIUM), DR. ADENAUER (WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR), AND M. BECK (LUXEMBOURG) (L. TO R.).



THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR RECEIVES CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER AFTER HIS SPEECH ON DECEMBER 10: SIGNOR DE GASPERI, M. SCHUMAN, M. VAN ZEELAND AND DR. ADENAUER (L. TO R., FRONT ROW).

On December 10 the Foreign Ministers of France, Germany, Belgium and Italy, speaking before a crowded Assembly of the Council of Europe at Strasbourg, showed willingness to find some solution to their differences over the formation of a European Army. Dr. Adenauer, German Federal Chancellor and Foreign Minister, making his first public appearance since his talks with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden, was congratulated on his speech by M. Schuman. He had pointed out that small beginnings could be expanded, and was not alarmed about Britain's standpoint. Writing on the subject of the proposed European Army in the article on this page, Professor Cyril Falls notes that "Despite the heavy weather into which the scheme has now run, it still appears to afford the best chance of willing and efficient German association, so that even a doubtful compromise would be better than abandonment of the whole principle." The Ministers have arranged to meet again after Christmas in Paris, after further consultation with their Governments.

Tassigny, and the distinguished airmen concerned, built up headquarters composed of British, French, German and Dutch, which were at least as closely integrated. They represented a higher international ideal than S.H.A.P.E. in that they contained no single overmastering national influence, whereas in S.H.A.P.E. United States influence is preponderant.

The military side of the organisation did not fail; the failure lay with the Governments represented in it. It was treated as though it were a debating society expounding interesting theoretical ideas, whereas it had been founded to organise the united forces of the participating nations in peace and to command them in war. It received no decisions on political matters, whereas it could do nothing without them. It ran the risk of becoming a museum piece. Finally, those who realised the extent of the breakdown approached the United States Government. They informed it that the high hopes had been disappointed,

TAKING PART IN THE RIVER HAN OPERATIONS IN KOREA: H.M.S. AMETHYST AND COMUS.



FEELING HER WAY SLOWLY UP THE RIVER HAN: H.M.S. AMETHYST, WITH HEAVY MACHINE-GUNS MANNED, PASSING CLOSE TO A POINT OF LAND.



SIGNALLING FOR THE ANCHOR TO BE DROPPED AS FIRING POSITIONS IN THE HAN RIVER ARE REACHED: COMMANDER P. E. FANSHAW, COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FRIGATE H.M.S. AMETHYST.



ACTION STATIONS: THE MAIN BATTERY OF H.M.S. AMETHYST SWINGS AROUND TO BEAR ON ENEMY TARGETS ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE HAN RIVER.



THE FIRST DESTROYER TO NAVIGATE THE HAN RIVER: H.M.S. COMUS, WITH BOTH ANCHORS OUT TO PREVENT GROUNDING, BLAZING AWAY WITH HER MAIN BATTERY AT COMMUNIST TROOPS AND ARTILLERY.

IT was recently announced that the little ships of the Commonwealth Fleet, commanded by Rear-Admiral A. K. Scott-Moncrieff, had completed over 100 days' continuous bombardment in the River Han in Korea. Frigates navigated this tortuous shoal-studded river without up-to-date charts to find new bombardment positions from which to shell the enemy when he withdrew beyond the line of the Imjin River last July. They had to "tap" their way up the unknown and winding channels, like a blind man with a stick. It took forty hours to navigate thirty miles. Among the fourteen ships associated with the Han operation are H.M.S. Amethyst, of Yangtse fame, and H.M.S. Comus, which was the first destroyer to navigate the Han River. The Australian frigate Murchison, H.M.S. Cardigan Bay and the Republic of Korea frigate P.F. 62 were the three pioneers who made the original navigation.

THE FABULOUSLY RICH OILFIELD OF KUWAIT:
ASPECTS NEW AND OLD OF THE TINY STATE.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR OF KUWAIT, THE CAPITAL OF THE TINY PERSIAN GULF STATE, WHICH CONTAINS THE WORLD'S RICHEST SINGLE OILFIELD.



WITH ITS GREAT OIL BOOM, THE PROSPERITY OF KUWAIT HAS INCREASED FANTASTICALLY, AND NEW STREETS WITH MODERN SHOPS ARE BEING CARVED THROUGH THE OLD TOWN.



THE KUWAITIS HAVE BEEN FAMOUS FOR MANY YEARS AS SAILORS AND BOAT-BUILDERS: HERE A NATIVE SHIP IS BEING BUILT UNDER A PALM-LEAF AWNING.



A TYPICAL KUWAIT TRADING-VESSEL. THESE SAILING-SHIPS SAIL AS FAR AFIELD AS INDIA AND ZANZIBAR, AND MANY OF THEM CAN BE SEEN IN THE UPPER-LEFT PHOTOGRAPH.

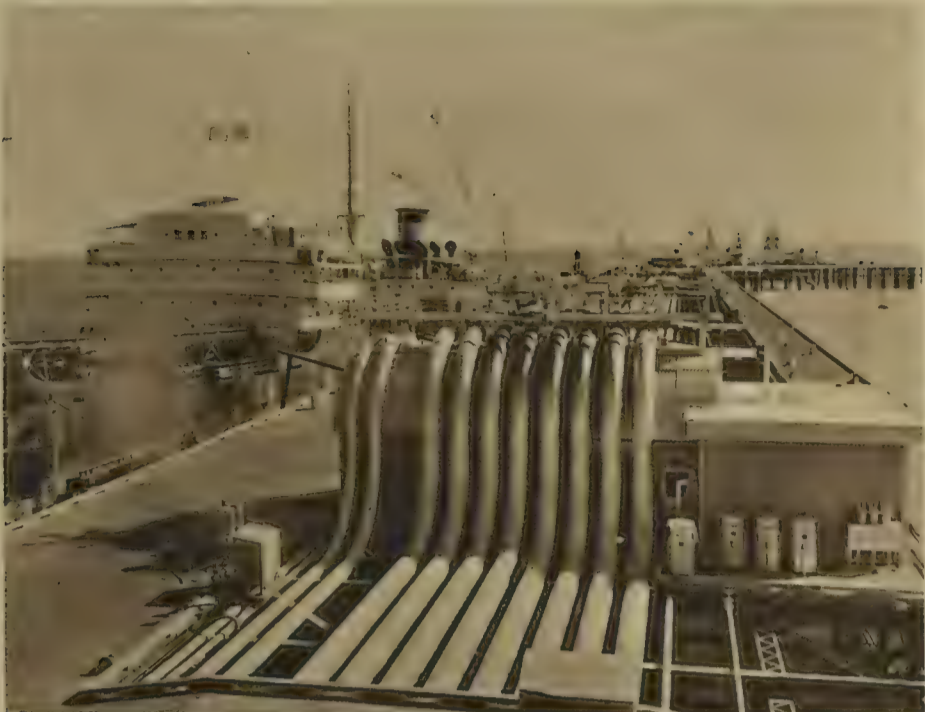


A YACHT UNDER CONSTRUCTION FOR THE SHEIKH OF KUWAIT, SHEIKH ABDULLAH AL SALIM AL SABAH, WITH WHOM THE NEW OIL ROYALTY AGREEMENT HAS JUST BEEN CONCLUDED.

ON December 3 it was announced that a new agreement had been reached between the Kuwait Oil Company and the Sheikh of Kuwait. The Kuwait Oil Company is jointly owned by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and the American Gulf Exploration Company, and under the new agreement the Sheikh becomes personally entitled to a 50 per cent. share of the Company's profits. The Kuwait oilfield at Burgan is the world's richest single oil structure, and the present production of oil there is at the rate of 3,000,000 tons a month—greater than the highest Persian rate. In 1946 the output was 797,350 tons; in the first six months of 1951 it was 13,657,689 tons. This fabulous expansion and the new agreement will, it has been estimated, raise the Sheikh's income to

(Continued opposite.)

KUWAIT: THE SINGLE OILFIELD WHOSE YIELD NOW EXCEEDS PERSIA'S HIGHEST PRODUCTION.



THE CRUDE OIL LOADING-LINES RUNNING TO THE PIERHEAD AT MINA AL-AHMADI, WHERE THE OIL FROM THE GREAT KUWAIT OILFIELD IS LOADED INTO TANKERS.



THE MINA AL-AHMADI PIERHEAD FROM THE AIR, WITH TANKERS LYING ALONGSIDE. IT IS BELIEVED TO BE THE LARGEST PIER OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.



THE KUWAIT COAST AT THE OIL TERMINAL OF MINA AL-AHMADI: IN THE CENTRE ARE THE STORAGE TANKS, REFINERY AND THE SEA-WATER DISTILLATION PLANT.

Continued. about £50,000,000 a year. Kuwait is a personal State and the Sheikh's income is virtually the State's internal revenue. Improvements to the State on a vast scale are already in train, and the present programme includes the construction of a water distillation plant with a capacity of 1,000,000 gallons a day—the largest of its kind in the world; power stations, schools, hospitals, dispensaries and a tuberculosis sanatorium. The oil is exceptionally easy to export as it can be piped a relatively short distance direct to the immense pierhead at Mina al-Ahmadi, where six of the largest ocean-going tankers can be loaded simultaneously at rates of up to 4000 tons an hour. A new refinery has been built in ten months and this deals with 3500 tons of crude oil a day, meeting Kuwait's and the Company's own requirements and supplying bunker oil to the tankers.



OIL LOADING-LINES CONNECTED TO A 28,000-TON TANKER AT THE MINA AL-AHMADI PIERHEAD, WHICH CAN SERVE SIX OF THE LARGEST TANKERS SIMULTANEOUSLY.



PART OF THE KUWAIT OIL REFINERY, THE INSTALLATION OF WHICH WAS COMPLETED IN TEN MONTHS: THE MAIN FRACTIONATING TOWER WITH ITS ACCESS PLATFORMS.



A BOAR'S HEAD: ONE OF THE MINOR MOSAICS IN THE HUGE RANGE OF SUPERB WORKS NEWLY DISCOVERED IN CENTRAL SICILY.

THE photographs on these two pages (reproduced by courtesy of *The Times*) represent a few of the highlights of a most remarkable discovery of Roman mosaics made in Central Sicily, a few miles from Piazza Armerina. The site has been known for some time as promising, and in 1681 and 1929 some official excavations revealed the existence of a Roman villa and some mosaics. Work was begun before the war, but broken off, and was resumed only in the spring of 1950. Little was known of the results of these excavations until the publication of an account in *The Times* of

(Continued below.)



THE MOST ASTONISHING OF THE MOSAICS: TWO OF THE EIGHT FEMALE GYMNASTS, IN "BIKINI"-LIKE COSTUME—THIS PAIR WIELDING DUMB-BELLS AND DISCUS.

ONE OF THE HORSEMEN WHICH GO TO BUILD UP THE WHOLE COMPOSITION OF THE LABOURS OF HERCULES.

(Continued.) December 11, 1951; and this brief description is based, with permission, on that account. The villa itself is something of a mystery. It is on a very large scale and of great, virtually Imperial, luxury. It was probably begun about the middle of the third century A.D., and it was occupied up to the coming of the Normans in Sicily. It was then destroyed, but appears to have been buried, providentially for archaeologists, in the sands of a great flood. But, surprisingly, considering its importance, there is no reference to it in literature and, as yet, no helpful inscription has been found. Its builder, however, and presumably his successors, must have been men of very great wealth, of great and cultured taste, and pagans, as the

(Continued above, right.)



WITH GALLOPING HORSEMAN, POUNCING LION, WOLF AND RACING STAG: PART OF THE COMPLEX BUT MAGNIFICENTLY COMPOSED MOSAIC OF THE LABOURS OF HERCULES, FOUND IN THE THREE-APSED DINING-HALL.

NEWLY DISCOVERED IN CENTRAL SICILY: THE LARGEST KNOWN AND POSSIBLY THE FINEST ROMAN MOSAICS YET TO COME TO LIGHT—PORTRAITS, HUNTING SCENES, ANIMALS AND NAKED FEMALE GYMNASTS.



(Continued.) remains to date contain no Christian indications whatever. The outstanding feature is undoubtedly the mosaics. They are the largest Roman mosaics yet discovered, and their quality is of the very highest. Perhaps the most astonishing of the pavements is the hunting corridor, an area 70 yards long and 6 yards wide, portraying an extraordinary variety of hunting scenes in a complex landscape of cypresses, oaks and pines. Among the animals portrayed are lion, leopard, she-bear, antelope and ram, and some enigmatic and perhaps symbolic creatures, of which the winged griffin we show is perhaps

(Continued below.)



A LION'S HEAD, WITH FRUIT AND LEAF MOTIFS: A COMPANION PIECE TO THE BOAR'S HEAD REPRODUCED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING OF THE FIGURES: THE ARMED PATRICIAN, WITH HIS BROTHERS, WHO IS WATCHING THE HUNTING SCENE.

(Continued.) the most curious. Another floor, that of the *triclinium*, portrays the Labours of Hercules and is remarkable for its swirling composition of equestrian figures. Another floor shows an astonishing range of animals and birds, large and small, in brilliant colouring and of "almost plastic effect." Last may be mentioned a small chamber which is believed unique, and shows eight female gymnasts in a costume which exactly anticipates the "Bikini" bathing costume. And of these, "some are running, another is using the dumb-bells, another throwing the discus and one is doing nothing except twirl a parasol in a somewhat affected manner." The excavations have been carried out under the direction of the Superintendent of Antiquities for Eastern Sicily with a grant from the regional Government.



VIVIDLY DRAMATIC: A LION WHICH HAS KILLED AN ANTELOPE TURNS SNARLING TO MEET THE ATTACK OF TWO HUNSMEN, PORTRAYED IN A NEIGHBOURING AREA.

THE MOST ENIGMATIC OF THE MOSAICS: A TAWNY WINGED GRIFFIN HOLDING A CAGE THROUGH WHOSE BARS A MAN'S FACE CAN BE SEEN. PART OF THE GREAT HUNTING SEQUENCE.



THE SITE OF THE PIAZZA ARMERINA ROMAN VILLA, WHERE THE FINEST AND LARGEST KNOWN ROMAN MOSAICS ARE STILL BEING UNCOVERED. ALTHOUGH MUCH HAS BEEN FOUND, IT IS BELIEVED, YET REMAINS TO BE DISCOVERED.



WINGED CUPID AND GRAPES: A SECTION EXHIBITING THE MASTERLY TECHNIQUE OF THE MOSAIC, THEIR ORGANIZED COMPLEXITY AND THREE-DIMENSIONAL QUALITY. THE COLOUR, TOO, IS REPORTED TO BE MAGNIFICENT.



"LONDON FROM THE SOUTH (AUTUMNAL MORNING)": BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. (1775-1851). LENT BY LADY BROCKLEBANK. R.A., 1801. (Water-colour, 23½ by 39 ins.)



"THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1784 (II)": BY JOHN HENRY RAMBERG (1763-1840). LENT BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM. (Pen and water-colour, 13½ by 19½ ins.)



"CARMARVON CASTLE": BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. (1775-1851). LENT BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM. R.A., 1800. (Water-colour, 26 by 38 ins.)



"CROVLAND ABBEY": BY JOHN SELL COTMAN (1782-1842). LENT BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM. PROBABLY IN THE R.A., 1805. (Water-colour, 11½ by 21½ ins.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION: A SELECTION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.



"ROTHERHAM; ALL SAINTS CHURCH AND THE RIVER DON": BY SAMUEL HIERONYMUS GRIMM (1734-1794). LENT BY MR. J. LESLIE WRIGHT. (Water-colour, 14½ by 21½ ins.)



"LATE TWILIGHT": BY SAMUEL PALMER (1805-1881). LENT BY THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, OXFORD. (Sepia and gum varnished, 7½ by 9½ ins.)



"BRECKNOCK": BY JOHN SELL COTMAN (1782-1842). LENT BY LIEUT.-COL. SIR EDMUND BACON, BART. R.A., 1801. (Water-colour, 15 by 22 ins.)

THE English native genius for landscape painting often finds its happiest expression in water-colour drawings, and, as might be expected, some beautiful examples are on view at Burlington House in the Winter Exhibition, "The First Hundred Years of the Royal Academy." John Henry Ramberg's pen and water-colour of "The Royal Academy Exhibition in 1784" (before it had come to its own galleries in Burlington House) indicates the method of hanging in early days, when water-colour drawings and oils were exhibited side by side, and the whole wall covered from floor to ceiling. This drawing is on view at Burlington House, in the section devoted to the Royal Academy and Academicians.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS—PEACEFUL AND DRAMATIC: ON VIEW IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION.



"VIEW OF ST. ALBANS": BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A. (1725-1800). LENT BY THE CITY MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY, BIRMINGHAM. (Water-colour, 12½ by 20½ ins.)



"CLASSICAL LANDSCAPE": BY ALEXANDER COLENS (c. 1717-1780). LENT BY MR. A. PAUL OTT. (Grey wash on varnished paper, 17½ by 22½ ins.)



"NEWARK CASTLE AND BRIDGE": BY PETER DE WINT (1784-1849). LENT BY THE WHITWORTH ART GALLERY, MANCHESTER. (Water-colour, 20½ by 30 ins.)

"DRAWINGS in every medium . . . were admitted to the Royal Academy from the first, as they had been to the exhibitions of the Society of Artists in previous years," writes Mr. A. Paul Oppé in his introduction to the Water-colour Section of the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, "The First Hundred Years of the Royal Academy." He goes on to explain that the arrangement of the earliest catalogues—alphabetically under the names of artists—renders it impossible to distinguish water-colours from oils unless the material is explicitly specified. Thus the selection of exhibits for the water-colour section in the South Rooms presented some difficulty, and it is not possible to state if the works on view were all exhibited originally in the Royal Academy and, if so, on what date. On this page we reproduce some of the outstandingly fine water-colour drawings in the current display. The Paul Sandby "View of St. Albans" is signed and dated 1759. It is known that he exhibited views of, or near St. Albans at the Royal Academy in 1797 and 1798. The Peter de Wint "Newark Castle and Bridge" may have been shown in the Royal Academy in 1811.



"THE PASSAGE OF THE ST. GOTTHARD FROM THE CENTRE OF THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE": BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. (1775-1851). R.A. 1815. LENT BY MR. AND MRS. EDMOND NORSE. (Water-colour, 40½ by 27 ins.)



"COAST OF DORSETSHIRE": BY THOMAS GIRTIN (1775-1802). R.A. 1798 (?). LENT BY THE CORPORATION OF LEEDS, TEMPLE NEWHAM. (Water-colour, 14½ by 10½ ins.)

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IT seems odd that the last really glamorous outdoor flowers of late autumn should be South Africans. The border chrysanthemums, of course, hang on much later;

in fact, as far as I am concerned, they far outstay their welcome. Utility flowers at the best of times, the way they shiver their sodden way through November and December may be gallant, but is far from glamorous. They should be cut down and cleared away long before they reach those awful last stages of threadbare utility austerity. My nerines, both *N. bowdeni*, Fenwick's Variety, and the hybrid "Hera," flowered superbly in September and October. Then on the night of October 23 we had four or five degrees of frost, and most of the fully-open heads of blossom were ruined, especially those which were growing with their backs to a south wall. Others, facing west, were unharmed. Evidently, as with fruit blossom, it is early morning sun striking them whilst they are still rimed with hoar-frost that does the damage. Those facing west escaped, thanks to the hoar-frost having melted before the sun reached them later in the morning. The unopened and half-opened flower-heads escaped damage in both positions, and, encouraged by a spell of the best sort of sunny autumn weather, carried on, unperturbed, far into November. During the last fortnight of November we enjoyed in the house a dozen or so heads of nerine, both kinds, arranged in a large silver vase—or bowl, or—well, with its one handle, it speaks for itself. I bought this what-have-you in a pawnshop in Santiago, in Chile, some twenty years ago, and no one showed the slightest surprise or interest when I carried it, unwrapped, through the streets to my hotel. Apparently, in the spacious days of a hundred years ago, it was quite usual in Chile to have whole bedroom suites of solid silver, wash basin and jug, foot-bath, and so forth. My so forth makes a really beautiful rose bowl, for the old Chilean silver was beautiful in design, and the metal has a quality of patina and soft colour tone which is unique. In shape, a bowl is excellent for roses and for most other flowers which have branched stems and some foliage. For the straight, smooth stems of the nerines some sort of support was necessary, so I arranged a low undergrowth of evergreen oak, which made a pleasanter arrangement than the usual under-water wire-netting tangle.

Among the nerines I put the other South African, the Kaffir Lily, *Schizostylis coccinea*, and it was the fine rose-pink variety "Viscountess Byng," with its tapered spikes of blossom like less irregular gladioli. The common type has flowers of a warm, lively, light crimson, the variety "Mrs. Hegarty" is rose-pink, and "Viscountess Byng" is pink, too, but larger and finer. They are not unlike montbretias in habit, are just as easy to grow and far hardier, and their capacity for flowering in the open, far into late autumn and early winter, is quite astonishing. In South Africa, I am told, they grow in damp places, and here they enjoy shade, or partial shade—on the north side of a wall, for instance. Why on earth don't people plant them more often?

I am fortunate in having a huge evergreen oak in my garden, for not only is it a noble pile in itself, but it makes a fine, sombre background for some ornamental cherries, and a clump of double-flowered gorse. As an evergreen for cutting for the house it is most beautiful, with its suggestion of the olive-tree. But its leaves are larger, more pointed, with silvery-grey undersides and undulated margins. This great ilex has one attribute which I enjoy and endure with mixed feelings. Wood pigeons nest in it every summer and swoop down from its sombre recesses into the kitchen garden, where they do a certain amount of damage. But whenever I see red they fly back and coo me into drowsed submission. During the frightful winter of 1946-47, when we were snowed in for many weeks on end, those pigeons, with several

A DISH OF FLOWERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

companions, found snug shelter in my ilex. The poor things stood around in the kitchen garden starving, having stripped every scrap of green that was not buried in snow, and were almost too weak to fly back to shelter. As a quaint visitor—somebody's maiden aunt—said: "I could go out and rap them all on

the head with my parasol." [But she didn't. We took good care of that.]

It was not until the first week of December that the last of the nerines were conducted to the kitchen fire. The Kaffir lilies remained for another week. A good record for flowers gathered from the open garden.

But a dish of flowers—I can only call it that—remains fresh and hearty and brilliant, and by hook or by crook we should have a succession of dishes until spring. Most good gardeners know the joys and virtues of a dish of winter flowers, but for those few who do not know, let me explain. During the open spells in almost any winter, it is possible in most gardens to find innumerable scraps of blossom, some belated, some precocious and a few miraculously in season. Go round and collect these, all of them, no matter how insignificant or how short-stalked. In fact, for dish purposes the stems should be short, an inch or two at most. Arrange a bed of fresh green moss in a shallow dish of water, and then stick your flowers into the moss, mixed and fairly close together, and you have what looks like a scrap of flowered lawn from the high Alps in June. It is best to have the moss slightly mounded rather than dead flat, and it is important that the stems of all the flowers reach the water beneath.

"But where," town dwellers may ask, "is one to obtain fresh green moss?" The answer is simple, and the method of obtaining will do you a power of good. Make it an occasion for a breath of fresh air in the country. Just step into a Green Line bus, or whatever colour it is that your local transport affects, sit down, and wait until you begin to see cows in the fields and woods. Then leave the bus, make for the nearest wood, collect your moss, and so home.

It is quite astonishing how otherwise rubbishy scraps of blossom, brought together in this way, make an enchanting whole. I have often noticed how folk coming into a room will hurry past the finest florist-grown flowering plant, cyclamen, primula or azalea, to examine a dish of flowers. There is a strange fascination about the very littleness of the ingredients that make the picture.

At the present time, in early December, a dish of flowers on my study table contains, among other things, coloured polyanthus primroses—crimson, violet and pink—and one ordinary wild yellow primrose; short sprigs of winter jasmine and *Viburnum fragrans*; a single purple stock, intensely fragrant; *Geranium farreri*; a single belated daisy from the lawn; *Omphalodes cappadocica*; two or three orange marigolds (calendula), which contrast finely with the golden jasmine; a few small-flowered mauve violas, three *Gentiana acaulis*, and a specimen or two of white dead-nettle, defoliated, each reduced to a single whorl of blossom, and looking strangely rare and exotic, almost orchidaceous. As all the flowers in a winter dish of flowers are in reduced circumstances, so to speak, their plight has the happy effect of reducing them to one social level. There need be no distinctions and no hard and fast rules. You can brighten the effect during hard times by using single blossoms taken from big, fat forced spikes of hyacinths—they won't be missed—or single blossoms from bought specimens of *Primula obconica* or *P. malacoides*. Any flowers may be used as long as they are small and short in the leg; nothing is too grand and nothing too humble. I remember a visitor peering into a dish of flowers which I had assembled, and exclaiming, "But what is this pet of a tiny yellow composite?" It was a small side-sprig of groundsel, that pet of a composite which is always with us, and for ever in flower—or seeding, but only welcome when one is collecting for a dish of flowers, or if one keeps canaries. I don't.



THE LAST FLOWERS OF AUTUMN—NERINES AND KAFFIR LILIES—IN A CHILEAN SILVER BOWL: A FLOWER ARRANGEMENT FROM THE OPEN GARDEN WHICH LASTED TO THE FIRST DAYS OF DECEMBER.

Photograph by P. E. Pritchard.



A DISH OF WINTER FLOWERS—"SCRAPS OF BLOSSOM, SOME BELATED, SOME PRECOCIOUS AND A FEW MIRACULOUSLY IN SEASON" SET IN A BED OF MOSS.

This selection includes polyanthus and common primroses, sprigs of winter jasmine, *Viburnum fragrans*, a purple stock, *Geranium farreri*, a belated daisy, *Omphalodes cappadocica*, a few calendulas, mauve violas, three *Gentiana acaulis*, and a white dead-nettle, stripped of its leaves.

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.

"AN IDEAL GIFT"

THE problems of Christmas shopping are now urgent. Those who find it difficult to select the ideal gift (especially for dispatch to friends overseas when the question of packing and other difficulties have to be considered) and seek something to give lasting pleasure and continually to remind the recipient of the affection that the donor feels for him or her, will find the answer in a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN" AS A NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM EXHIBIT.



FEATURED IN THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN" EXHIBIT AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: A MOUNTED SPECIMEN OF *PRESBYTIS ENTELLUS SCHISTACEUS*, A HIMALAYAN LANGUR VERY CLOSELY RELATED TO THE FORM CLAIMED TO HAVE MADE THE MYSTERIOUS TRACKS PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. ERIC SHIPTON IN THE MOUNT EVEREST REGION.

ON December 12 the British Museum (Natural History) put on view an exhibit which attempts to provide an explanation of the mysterious tracks recently photographed by Mr. Eric Shipton during the Mount Everest exploratory expedition and alleged to be the footprints of the legendary "Abominable Snowman." The main feature of the exhibit is a pair of mounted specimens of *Presbytis entellus schistaceus*, a Himalayan langur closely related to the form *Presbytis entellus achilles*, which it is

[Continued opposite.



PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN" EXHIBIT AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: A PARTY OF SCHOOLGIRLS STUDYING THE PLASTER CASTS OF THE FOOTPRINTS OF A BEAR AND A LANGUR, WHICH FORM PART OF THE EXHIBIT.

[Continued.] claimed could have produced the footprints seen by Mr. Shipton. Also shown are impressions from plaster casts of the footprints of a small black bear and a Madras langur taken at the London Zoo recently and illustrated in our issue of December 15. The setting of imitation snow adds realism to the scene and one is quite convinced that a langur—or a bear—could have made the impressions which twice have been the subject of much controversy in zoological circles.

THE GREAT ROMANCE OF NERO'S ROME: SCENES FROM THE NEW FILM, "QUO VADIS?"



THE OPENING OF THE STORY: THE YOUNG GENERAL MARCUS VINICIUS (ROBERT TAYLOR) RIDES THROUGH ROME WITH HIS VICTORIOUS SOLDIERS.



FRESH FROM HIS VICTORY, MARCUS VINICIUS MEETS THE BEAUTIFUL HOSTAGE LYGIA (DEBORAH KERR) IN THE HOUSE OF AULUS PLAUTIUS, OUTSIDE ROME.



WHILE ROME BURNS, NERO (PETER USTINOV) SINGS. (LEFT) THE POET AND CYNIC PETRONIUS (LEO GENN) AND (RIGHT) THE CRUEL TIGELLINUS (RALPH TRUMAN).



ROME BURNS, AND THROUGH ITS NARROW STREETS THE PANIC-STRICKEN CROWDS FLEE IN TERROR: ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE FILM "QUO VADIS?"



AFTER URSUS (BUDDY BAER; RIGHT) HAS SLAIN THE BULL, MARCUS LEAPS INTO THE ARENA TO RESCUE LYGIA, AND NERO'S SOLDIERS HURRY TO SEIZE THEM.



AS THE CITY RISES AGAINST HIM, NERO ACCUSES HIS EMPRESS POPPÆA (PATRICIA LAFFAN) OF HAVING MISLED HIM IN HER COUNSELS AND IN A FRENZY STRANGLES HER...



... AND TRIES TO COMMIT SUICIDE, BUT LACKS THE COURAGE TO DO SO. HIS FORMER MISTRESS, ACTE (ROSALIE CRUTCHLEY) SEES THE DAGGER THEN TAKES IT UP AND DRIVES IT HOME.

ON this page and that facing it are a number of scenes from the new M.-G.-M. Technicolor version of "Quo Vadis?" (opening at the Carlton, Haymarket, and the Ritz, Leicester Square, on January 25). Henryk Sienkiewicz's great romance was written in 1895, and has formed the basis of several plays, at least two operas, and a number of film versions. It is in essence the love-story of a pagan Roman patrician, Marcus Vinicius, and a beautiful hostage in Rome, the Christian Lygia. It takes place in the Rome of Nero and among its leading characters are the Emperor, the Empress Poppæa, Petronius Arbiter, St. Peter, and the gigantic slave Ursus, Lygia's faithful Christian bodyguard. The burning of Rome, the death of Nero and the persecution of the Christians in the arena are all essential parts of the story.



THE GRANDEUR OF IMPERIAL ROME: LOOKING DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS OF NERO'S PALACE ON THE SCENES OF WELCOME WHICH GREETED THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF MARCUS VINICIUS (ROBERT TAYLOR) AND HIS SOLDIERS. ONE OF THE OPENING SCENES OF THE NEW FILM VERSION OF THE FAMOUS NOVEL "QUO VADIS?".



THE GLORY OF THE NEW FAITH: IN AN ABANDONED QUARRY WHERE THE PERSECUTED CHRISTIANS MEET, ST. PETER (FINLAY CURRIE) PREACHES THE GOSPEL BENEATH THE SIGN OF THE CROSS. TO THE RIGHT OF HIM AND SOMEWHAT LOWER STANDS ST. PAUL (ABRAHAM SOFAER).

THE GRANDEUR OF IMPERIAL ROME AND THE GLORY OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH, PORTRAYED IN THE NEW "QUO VADIS?".

The new Technicolor version of the romance "Quo Vadis?" from which the scenes above are stills, has been made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, produced by Sam Zimbalist and directed by Mervyn Leroy. It has taken three years to make, and the cast has 235 speaking rôles and 30,000 extras. It was filmed in Rome, on many of the actual sites described in the story, and is reputed to

be the costliest film ever made. The stars are Robert Taylor as the young hero Marcus Vinicius, Deborah Kerr as Lygia, Leo Genn as Petronius and Peter Ustinov as Nero. Some thirteen famous British actors are featured, and the huge Ursus is played by the former prizefighter Buddy Baer. Immense outdoor sets were built for the film.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE ROMANTIC REINDEER.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE large models of reindeer outside a well-known departmental store caught my eye. As a Christmas spectacle they are magnificent, though their position in the animal kingdom is subject to doubt. They can best be described, perhaps, as a cross between fallow and red deer plus. The same zoological indeterminacy can be seen in all the many reindeer displayed in the various shop windows in that same busy thoroughfare. All agree, however, in conveying an air of cheerful vitality under adverse conditions appropriate in an animal that can travel at 32 miles an hour, and will cover anything up to 100 miles a day, pulling a load of 300 lb., in which they are aided by broad hoofs, flat and deeply cleft, with the accessory hoofs long. In snow the whole foot becomes splayed out, giving a good grip on a loose or slippery surface. When trotting on hard ground, the hoofs are said to clatter like castanets, which makes me surprised that I have never heard them, except that Father Christmas is traditionally said to be airborne. One puzzling thing about our Yuletide pictures is, however, that reindeer shed their antlers in December.

Had Santa Claus not used reindeer, they would have been as unfamiliar to us in these islands as the elk and a number of other Arctic animals. As it is, there is no need to describe

body is lost. Although the females also have antlers, they are smaller than those of the male, often being no more than forked spikes. Nevertheless, it is a female that takes her place at the head of most herds of wild reindeer. As in our native deer, there seems to be a well-marked matriarchy, and it is a female that acts as sentry when the others are resting. There is a curiously flattened, forwardly projecting brow-line in the males, which has often been described as a

later, because the Eskimos of Alaska were starving, the Rev. Sheldon Jackson imported 150 reindeer from Siberia to feed the Eskimos. These multiplied to, it is said, 6,000,000 within thirty years. A hundred reindeer imported into Iceland increased, though not in the same proportions, and a small herd settled by Norwegian whalers on South Georgia, in the Antarctic, now numbers several hundred. In Russia, where the herds are collectivised, the numbers have increased in recent years from 500,000 to 2,000,000. But the story has not always been one of success.

The most outstanding event in these movements of reindeer concerns the great drive from Alaska to the Mackenzie Delta, to provide food for the Eskimos. "The Canadian Government purchased the 3,000 animals in Alaska and late in 1929 three Lapp families arrived there from Arctic Scandinavia. Their misgivings must have been considerable, for the cold was intense and the prospect bleak in the extreme; indeed, it must have been in their minds that not all their number would survive the next six years."† December of that year was intensely cold, with deep snow, and there were reports of marauding wolf-packs, but the great drive went forward. Blizzards howled, wolves attacked the herds, many of the reindeer broke loose and headed back for Alaska.

In the spring, camp was pitched for calving. Still the wolves attacked. Autumn brought the rutting season, and the wolves still troubled the herdsmen. Winter came again, the trek went on, and so it continued for six years, until in March 1935, 2000 reindeer crossed the Mackenzie River, of which four-fifths had been born on the journey.

"The new herd multiplied quickly. By 1942 it numbered 9000 animals. Success was assured. And then tragedy struck again: a boat-load of herdsmen was drowned in 1944. Thereafter the herds of the



THE REINDEER AS A DRAUGHT ANIMAL—IT CAN TRAVEL AT 32 M.P.H. AND WILL COVER DISTANCES UP TO 100 MILES A DAY, PULLING A LOAD OF 300 LB.

As Dr. Burton points out in the article on this page, reindeer shed their antlers in December and it will be noticed in this photograph that the leading reindeer has shed one antler while the other has shed both.



SHOWING THE HOOFS WHICH ARE BROAD, FLAT AND DEEPLY CLEFT; THE WHOLE FOOT BECOMING SPREAD OUT IN SNOW AND THUS GIVING A GOOD GRIP ON A LOOSE OR SLIPPERY SURFACE: A REINDEER IN A CORRAL IN SWEDEN.

its physical details. Yet over about one-fifth of the earth's land-mass it is more than a friend of man, it is indispensable. Its services are more prosaic than those we usually associate with it, and to-day this romantic animal is once more brought immediately to our minds as a possible means of solving a food problem.

The reindeer of Europe, and the caribou of North America, are so alike that zoologists have long regarded them as closely-related varieties of one species, and Ellerman and Morrison-Scott have recently included them as one species.* Both differ from all other deer in that females as well as males have antlers. Also, the coat is thick and the muzzle is hairy, instead of naked, as in most deer. And, in common with other Arctic animals, the ears and tail are short, thus reducing the effective surface through which the heat of the

shovel for scraping away the snow in the search for reindeer moss in winter. As we have seen, the males drop their antlers in December, so it is not unexpected that, in fact, they paw the snow away with their hoofs. The name caribou is derived from the North American Indian word for a paw, scraper or shoveller.

At the time of the Ice Age, reindeer lived as far south as Spain, but in recent times they have become restricted to the most northerly parts of Scandinavia and Northern Russia, where they are, to all intents, domesticated, and to Siberia. To the Lapps of Europe and the herdsmen of Siberia they represent milk, a means of transport, meat, clothing, bedding, ligaments for thread, and bone for household implements. The history of the caribou in North America shows also a retreat northward, and a thinning-out through persecution, and here again they

were an indispensable factor in the lives of the Red Indian and the Eskimo. One of the causes of their decimation lay in their migrations. Two types of caribou are recognised, the southern woodland caribou of the tree-clad country south of the Arctic tundra, and the more gregarious barren-ground caribou of the north, with longer and thinner antlers. It was the last of these that were noted for their seasonal migrations over hundreds of miles to and from the summer and winter grounds. On these regular routes Eskimos and Indians would lie in wait for them at pre-determined points, and, in addition, heavy toll was taken by the Arctic wolf. It was these joint depredations that paved the way to the most remarkable features of the history of the reindeer in recent times.

Although reindeer have suffered a restriction of their territory since former times, within the last century there has been an expansion, due entirely to the hand of man. It began in 1891, when Norden-skjöld, the Swedish explorer, used reindeer instead of huskies to haul his sledges across Spitzbergen. Some of these escaped and their descendants now inhabit the ice-clad slopes of the island. A few years



PROVIDING ABOUT A CUPFUL OF THICK, CREAMY MILK AT A MILKING WHICH IS USED WITH COFFEE AND FOR MAKING INTO CHEESE: A REINDEER HIND BEING MILKED BY AN OLD LAPP WOMAN IN ARCTIC SWEDEN.

Photographs by Polar Photos.

Mackenzie Delta declined in numbers. By 1947 they numbered little more than 6000 animals, and by 1949 the total had dropped to 5000."

European reindeer are hardy animals, but they are domesticated and need herding. The Eskimo is a hunter, and the heroic trek of the Lapp families to bring food to the Eskimo of the Mackenzie Delta means to him merely more to hunt, without the will or the ability to herd and conserve.

* "Check List of Palearctic and Indian Mammals." Ellerman and Morrison-Scott. (British Museum [Natural History], London, 1951; £3 5s.)

† "Wild Life Beyond the North." Frank Illingworth. (Country Life, 1951; 18s.)



THE DEMOLITION OF A VICTORIAN GOTHIC MANSION: HADLOW "CASTLE"; AND ITS TOWER, WHICH IS BEING PRESERVED.

Hadlow "Castle," described by William Cobbett as "An immense house stuck all over with a parcel of chimneys or things like chimneys; little brick columns with a sort of cap on them, looking like carnation sticks with caps at the top to catch the earwigs," is—or rather was—a celebrated Kentish architectural oddity built c. 1790 by Walter Barton (later May), a descendant of an old Kentish yeoman family, on the site of the Court Lodge. The architect,

G. Taylor, called it "highly decorated Tudor Gothic, modelled on the tower of Fonthill Abbey," but it is pretentious and gimcrack. After the death of Mr. W. B. May in 1855, it passed through many hands and was finally vacated in 1945. It is now being demolished, but the stucco tower, a famous landmark in Kent, is to be preserved as an ancient monument. The lantern was added in 1830 by Mr. May, who wished to spy on his wife who had left him.

Drawn by Harold W. Hailstone.

THE GIANT THAT PREYED ON GIANTS EIGHTY MILLION YEARS AGO:

A DESCRIPTION OF A FORTY-FIVE-FEET-LONG CROCODILE, NOW KNOWN FROM ITS SKULL.

By Dr. W. E. SWINTON, Principal Scientific Officer, Department of Geology,
British Museum (Natural History).

THE Geological Department of the British Museum (Natural History) has recently received the plaster cast of one of the largest crocodiles so far known. Apart from its intrinsic interest and its size, the skull helps to draw attention to some interesting scientific facts.

It was as long ago as 1903 that Dr. J. B. Hatcher found a few bones of a crocodile in the Cretaceous rocks of Montana, U.S.A. They were far from giving a complete picture of the animal, but a few ribs and vertebrae suggested it must have been larger than any crocodile so far described, and it was armoured by unusually thick, bony scutes. In 1906, these few remains were scientifically described by Dr. W. J. Holland, who named the animal as *Deinosuchus hatcheri*, the "terrible crocodile of Hatcher." In 1924, Baron Franz Nopcsa, a former contributor to these pages, pointed out that the

The jaws, however, tell us more than that. The position of the teeth in the upper jaw shows that this was an adult animal. The length of the tooth row in the lower jaw, 37 ins., suggests that the body and tail of the crocodile were 37 ft. long, for such a ratio is borne out by studies of many extinct and

living forms. Thus the estimated overall length of this giant of 80,000,000 years ago was no less than 45 ft. In contrast with this, it should be mentioned that the largest of existing crocodiles, *Crocodilus porosus*, seldom exceeds 30 ft.

The fourth tooth from the front of the lower jaw of *Phobosuchus* is 5 ins. long and fitted into a recess on the outer side of the upper jaw when the mouth was closed. This is a feature of the true crocodiles.

It has been said that *Phobosuchus* is the largest known crocodile, but actually this is not so, for we

have in London the remains of an Indian long-snouted gavial, *Rhamphosuchus serridens*, of Pliocene age, whose complete length must have been 50 ft. When one examines the other kinds of life found in the deposits that have yielded these monsters, an interesting picture emerges.

The fossil from Texas was associated with bones of armoured, and also of very large, amphibious dinosaurs, such as are featured on the opposite page. The giant reptiles measured from 25 ft. to 80 ft. in body length, and were correspondingly heavy. The heaviest of them sought refuge in the fresh-water lakes, where there was a sufficiency of the plant food they liked. It was a world in which modern kinds of vegetation were coming upon the scene, but in which the giants of Mesozoic life lingered on. The huge *Phobosuchus* was adapted to hunt and to destroy a giant prey.

If we come down the ages some 70,000,000 years, we see the scene re-enacted with different players upon a different stage. For

Rhamphosuchus in India was preying upon giants too, though they were now the mammalian giants, which for a lesser period of time had replaced the vanished dinosaurs.

The complete picture of this warfare of the past is not wholly concerned with giants. In England, dating from the later stages of the Jurassic age, some 140,000,000 years ago, there are important small deposits at Swanage, in Dorset, that have revealed not only fossil reptiles, but some specimens of the very rare and primitive kind of mammals that then existed and that lived in obscurity for millions of years until the decline of reptilian life gave them the chance to flourish in their own mammalian right. These



THE RELATIONSHIP OF SIZE BETWEEN CROCODILES AND THEIR PREY: THE SKULL OF A DWARF CROCODILE, *NANNOSUCHUS GRACILIDENS* (GREATEST LENGTH OF SKULL, 4½ INS.), FROM THE MIDDLE PURBECK ROCKS, NEAR SWANAGE, IN DORSET.

This skull of a dwarf crocodile, an animal some 15 ins. long, was found at Swanage, in Dorset, in association with specimens of the small, rat-shaped mammals that existed during the later stages of the Jurassic age, some 140,000,000 years ago. It forms a striking contrast with the skull of the giant Texas crocodile also illustrated on this page. Photographs by Neave Parker. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).



SHOWING THE LARGE, SUBCONICAL TEETH, SOME NEARLY 6 INS. IN LENGTH: THE PLASTER CAST OF THE RIGHT HALF OF THE LOWER JAW OF THE GIANT TEXAS CROCODILE, *PHOBOSUCHUS HATCHERI*, WHICH 80,000,000 YEARS AGO PREYED ON THE LARGE DINOSAURS.

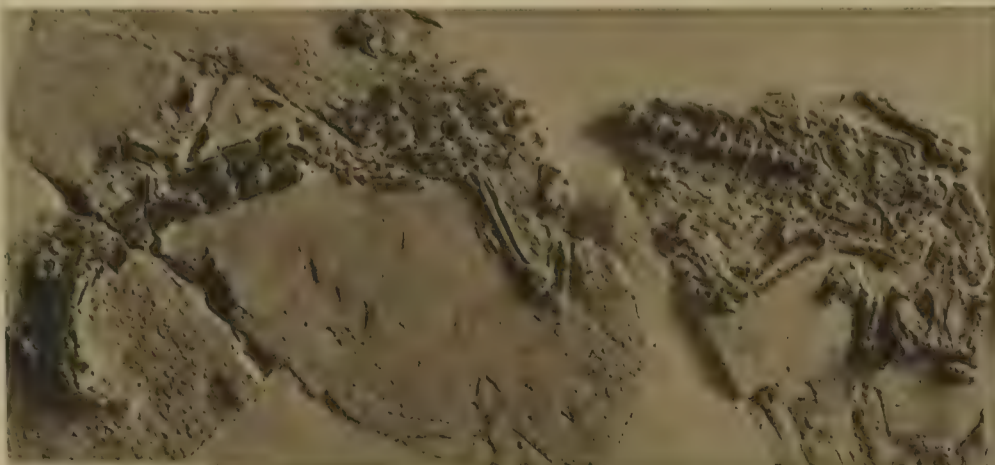
name *Dinosuchus*, which is almost identical, had already been given to another crocodile of younger geological age, from Brazil. The former name thus contravened the zoological rule of priority in scientific names. He changed the name, therefore, to *Phobosuchus hatcheri*, which means pretty much the same as the original.

The story rested there until, in 1940, the American Museum-Sinclair Expedition discovered a large number of bone fragments in the Big Bend region of Texas, near the Rio Grande and the Mexican border. These bones turned out to be mainly those of large dinosaurs and turtles, but among them were the fragments of a giant skull firmly embedded in rock. It took nearly a year for the highly skilled technicians of the American Museum to free the skull fragments and piece them together, but when they had done so, Dr. Barnum Brown of the Museum recognised that he had the main parts of the skull of the giant reptile foreshadowed by the discoveries of 1903. It is the cast of this restored skull that is now in London. The discovery made in 1940 was important, but the pressing problems of the war years caused it to be overlooked in most places.

The specimen now on exhibition is striking in size and detail. As mounted, it is 6 ft. 3 ins. long and 3 ft. 6 ins. broad at the back. The mouth has large, subconical teeth, some nearly 6 ins. long, and as it is certain that the mouth had an opening, or gape, of 3 ft., the potentialities of this crocodile as a beast of prey are obvious. They recall the Biblical description of Leviathan (Job 41, v., 14-16): "Who can open the doors of his face? His teeth are terrible round about. His scales are his pride."



ADAPTED TO HUNT AND TO DESTROY THE LARGE AMPHIBIOUS DINOSAURS THAT WERE ITS PREY: THE SKULL AND UPPER JAW OF THE 45-FT.-LONG CROCODILE *PHOBOSUCHUS HATCHERI*, WHICH ARE 6 FT. 3 INS. LONG AND 3 FT. 6 INS. BROAD AT THE BACK.

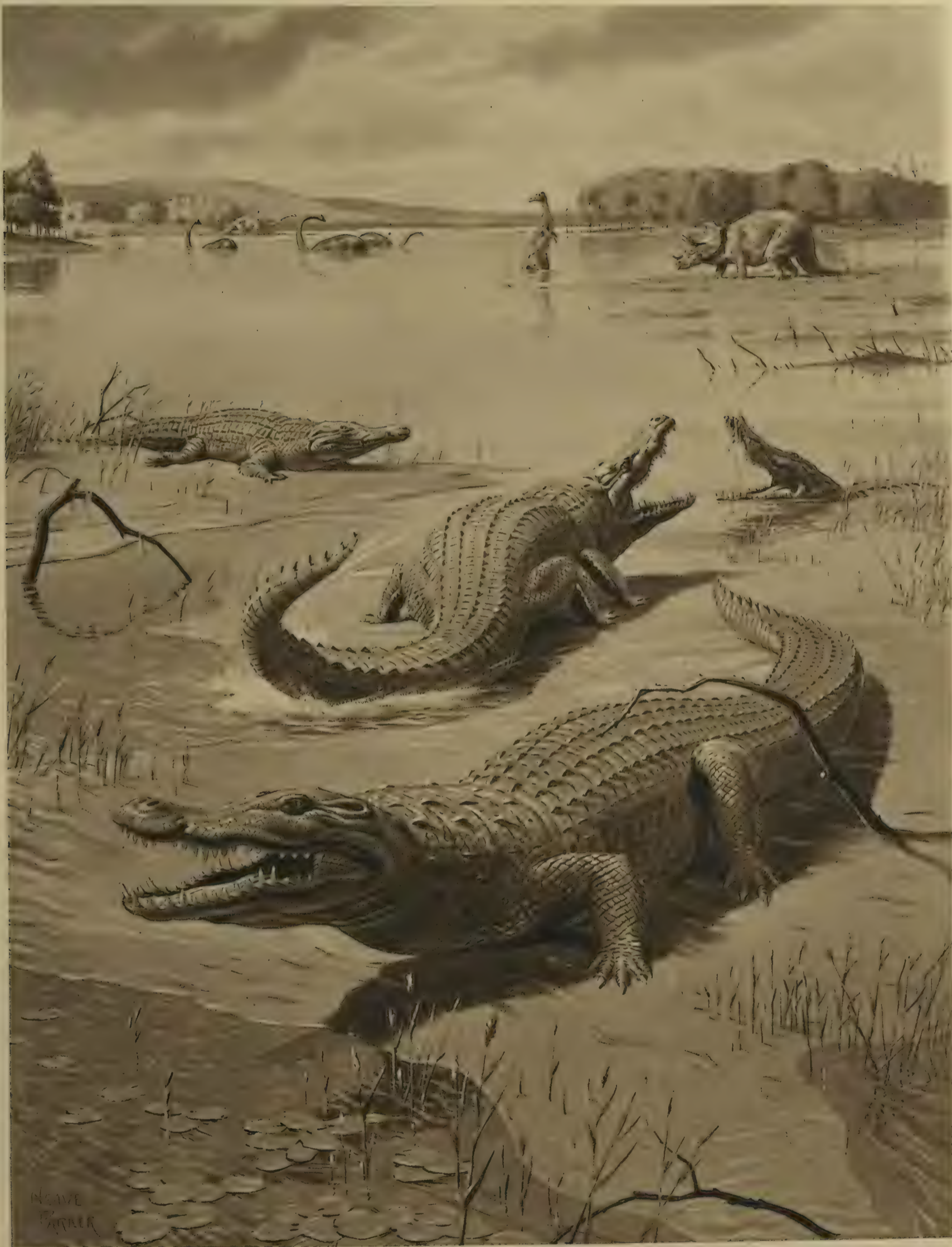


SHOWING THE BACK OF THE SKULL, THE FORELEG AND HIND-LEG, VERTEBRÆ AND SCUTES OF A DWARF CROCODILE 17 INS. LONG: AN INCOMPLETE SKELETON OF *THERIOSUCHUS PUSILLUS*, FROM THE MIDDLE PURBECK ROCKS OF SWANAGE.

early, rat-shaped, warm-blooded creatures were, of course, small, but a whole series of correspondingly small crocodiles were developed too.

These full-grown crocodiles had skulls less than a few inches long, and the head, body and tail did not make up 15 ins. They are not the true crocodiles (*Crocodilus*) of the present time, but they had almost similarly rounded skulls and were largely similar in habits. They were, in the broad scientific sense, crocodiles, and here we have dwarfs preying upon dwarfs.

The skulls and skeletons of the dwarfs are now also on exhibition in the Museum for comparison with their distant relation, the giant from Texas.

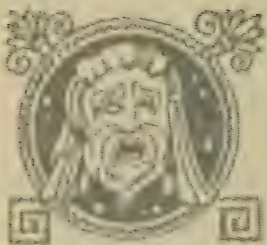


THE SCOURGE OF THE DINOSAURS: A GIANT CROCODILE OF 80,000,000 YEARS AGO, 45 FT. LONG, RECONSTRUCTED FROM A SKULL AND THE LOWER JAWS FOUND IN TEXAS IN 1940.

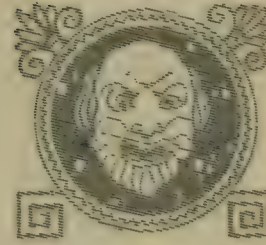
On the facing page, Dr. W. E. Swinton, of the British Museum (Natural History), describes how the skull of a giant crocodile was found in Texas in 1940, and how this corresponds with a much earlier discovery of parts of the skeleton of a giant crocodile in the Upper Cretaceous beds of Montana, U.S.A. This later discovery was generally unnoticed at the time, because of the war, but early this year a plaster cast of the complete skull and lower jaws was obtained from New York by Dr. Swinton, and is now on view at the Museum. The skull is over 6 ft. long, and appears to have belonged to an adult animal which was, working on the usual tooth formula, 45 ft. or more long. It is clear that the now arid region in which the skull remains were

found was once the scene of a flowing river with lush vegetation and a large population of giant dinosaurs. This association of a giant crocodile with a giant prey is curiously in contrast with an earlier English scene in which dwarf crocodiles, of the Upper Jurassic of Swanage, in Dorset, were associated with small mammals, amongst the earliest of their kind. The general thesis of relationship of size between crocodiles and their prey is not new, but it has very largely been overlooked. The Museum also has interesting evidence for it from India. Our Artist has reconstructed the scene of 80,000,000 years ago, with the giant saurians basking on a mudbank, while their equally large prey may be seen in the background.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. W. E. SWINTON.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE



LOOKING BACKWARD.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE London stage has lately thrown open to us a pair of country houses: one in Noël Coward's "Relative Values," at the Savoy; one in the long-neglected comedy, "The Clandestine Marriage," by George Colman, the Elder, and David Garrick, at the Old Vic. Each of these plays is a period piece. Although Coward's seems to be set in the present day, his Marshwood House, East Kent, has the tone of time as certainly as Mr. Sterling's retreat in "The Clandestine Marriage."

It is, indeed, the country house we have had in so many comedies: that world inside a world: a place, isolated from the normal worries of life, that exists only for a play to be acted out within it according to the rules. Felicity, Countess of Marshwood, lives cheerfully in her stately home, which appears to be suitably staffed and garnished. It is a house with a butler who would have been on good terms with Crichton, and a young maid who would have been a soul-mate for Tweeny. All the accessories, the properties, are there, as in the past. Very well. On, then, with the play!

This is a comedy about the Dowager Countess whose son proposes to marry her lady's maid's sister, a Hollywood film-star. It sounds like some mad round of consequences. Coward can play that kind of theatrical game with an almost disdainful ease; in his second act he rubs up the nonsense for all it is worth. There is a very neat passage in which the film-star Miranda (Freda Birch that was), unconscious that her forgotten and highly disapproving sister looms by her, an angry ghost, flows into a romantic story of her childhood. She was, we gather, a poor little slum-girl who danced to a barrel-organ, who had a drunken mother, and who endured all the emotional experiences that can be packed into a speech delivered before an invisible camera.

The cameras are usually in the mind's eye when Miranda Frayle (actually from Station Road, Sidcup)

But all of the playing (in a production that Coward himself has directed) keeps properly to the chalk-marks of light comedy. Richard Leech's literary butler; Angela Baddeley's lady's maid, in righteous indignation and uncertain disguise; Ralph Michael, as the earl-with-the-girl: these can people Coward's Marshwood with the personages he had imagined. And in the midst is Gladys Cooper's Felicity, Countess of Marshwood, ready to the ultimate inflection: a cool, serene, poised performance that would grace high comedy.



"IF YOU LIKED THE COWARD OF THE MIDDLE 'TWENTIES, YOU WILL LIKE THE NEW PLAY. IF NOT—WELL, THERE IS PLEASURE IN THE PERFORMANCE": "RELATIVE VALUES," WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY NOEL COWARD AT THE SAVOY THEATRE—A SCENE FROM ACT II. SHOWING (L. TO R.) THE EARL OF MARSHWOOD (RALPH MICHAEL), MIRANDA FRAYLE (JUDY CAMPBELL), ALICE (RENEE HILL), MOXIE (ANGELA BADDELEY), PETER INGLETON (SIMON LACK), FELICITY, COUNTESS OF MARSHWOOD (GLADYS COOPER), CRESTWELL (RICHARD LEECH), ADMIRAL SIR JOHN HAYLING (CHARLES CULLUM), LADY HAYLING (DOROTHY BATLEY) AND DON LUCAS (HUGH McDERMOTT).

If we examine the piece closely, we ask awkward questions. There is too much preparation in the first act. There is certainly too much sorting-out in the third. Marshwood House is a familiar haunt, full of echoes. Yet the comedy strikes home in the theatre, and not merely because of the performance. It makes its effect in the manner that, say, "Hay Fever" did nearly thirty years ago. Coward's dialogue flips along in the shallows. It is unafraid of nonsense, the irrelevant snap-line that is nothing at all in the text but that can be funny for a moment in the theatre. As a dramatist, Coward writes always for this moment of performance—and for impeccable players. "Relative Values" seems to me to be deliberately old-fashioned work: the dramatist has chosen a style in which he was always confident. If you liked the Coward of the middle 'twenties, you will like the new play. If not—well, there is pleasure in the performance.

I have said often that it is a pity Coward does not write in permanent ink. He is amusingly aware of his critics. "This is a high comedy situation," says the butler in effect. "Think how Maugham would have handled it. . . . Our later playwrights are all too brittle." He is right: this comedy (which, on the night, I enjoyed fully) will look very queer in the cold print of some collected edition twenty-five years on. It has nothing of the quality of Peter Ustinov's drama, "The Moment of Truth," on the other side of the Strand; but Coward's play will be running, I imagine, when Ustinov's is a memory. And, for a time, a few years ahead, all our amateurs will be rashly disporting themselves in and out of Marshwood House.

They are not likely to be in and out of Mr. Sterling's country house in "The Clandestine Marriage." This

is the comedy (of the seventeen-sixties) in which David Garrick wrote for himself the famous part of Lord Ogleby. In a capricious fit, he failed to perform it, and the prize fell to Tom King. Colman, the Elder's wit and Garrick's theatrical cunning produced between them an exhilarating comedy of intrigue: it is most curious that, with the exception of odd revivals now and again, it has been allowed to sleep. Everything turns on Ogleby, the aged fop who, morning by morning, must have "a great deal of brushing, oiling, screwing, and winding-up to set him a-going for the day."

Here is another of the Old Men of whom I wrote in a recent article. Ogleby, as a part, must not be over-fretted, over-teased. Donald Wolfitt, rouged and dithering, with a thin paper-crackle of a voice, and at high noon an eye that still gleams, makes a fine thing of the lively ruin in one of the freshest and least mannered comedy performances I have known him to give. His return to the Old Vic has been, unhappily, brief; but he has left memories of his Tamburlaine and Ogleby; two extraordinary and unexpected parts.

The Vic company acts with goodwill in Hilton Edwards's production. Alan Barlow has a pleasantly-suggested garden scene for the country house which is so strongly of its period. I imagine that our Mr. Clarence Elliott would like to walk around the estate with Sterling, the merchant, to observe the vagaries of the landscape-gardening, the spire built "to terminate the prospect," the "high octagon summer-house raised on the mast of a ship," and the maze that winds, says Ogleby, "like a true lover's knot," or, in Sterling's own words, "zigzag, crinkum-crankum, in and out, right and left, to and again; twisting and turning like a worm." To which Ogleby replies: "Admirably laid out indeed, Mr. Sterling! One can hardly see an inch beyond one's nose anywhere in these walks. You are a most excellent economist of your land, and make a little go a great way." He might have been talking of some of our dramatists.



"A WELCOME RESTORATION OF A SHOWPIECE OF THE SEVENTEEN-SIXTIES": "THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE," BY COLMAN AND GARRICK, REVIVED AT THE OLD VIC. A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING DONALD WOLFIT AS LORD OGLEBY SOLICITING THE HAND OF MISS FANNY STERLING (CHARMIAN BYRE) TO THE GREAT DISTRESS OF LOVEWELL (PETER COKE), TO WHOM SHE IS SECRETLY MARRIED.

is in full pelt; and they are assuredly there when her adorer, the other film-star, Don Lucas, comes over from Hollywood, resolved to rescue her from the peerage. Judy Campbell and Hugh McDermott act this preposterous pair with solemn relish. Miss Campbell does step outside camera range now and again, but Mr. McDermott never does. His film-actor is an alcoholic penguin with a glazed eye: a stiffly-moving, smoky-voiced young man, who seems always to be treading an imaginary chalk-line.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MARY HAD A LITTLE . . ." (Strand).—One of the feeblest farces of the year. The actors swam bravely against the tide. (November 27–December 8.)
 "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU" (Embassy).—A tolerably good production of the Hart-Kaufman "crazy-family" piece. (November 27–December 9.)
 "RELATIVE VALUES" (Savoy).—Coward returns to an old manner in a light, snap-it-along comedy, with Gladys Cooper delightfully in control. (November 28.)
 "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (Sloane School, Chelsea).—Schoolboys in Guy Boas's production (which included an ingenious explanatory mime), took us intelligently between Venice and Belmont, with one remarkable performance, the Jessica of G. Phillipp. (November 29–December 5.)
 "BILLY BUDD" (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden).—Benjamin Britten's male-voice opera, to a libretto by E. M. Forster and Eric Crozier (based on the Melville book), is another exciting work: one that, in its imagination and power, will further burnish Britten's reputation and the present fame of English opera. (December 1.)
 "THE GREAT ADVENTURE" (Arts Theatre Club).—Arnold Bennett's tale of the famous artist who lets his valet have a Westminster Abbey burial, is here pleasantly revived. (December 4.)
 UDAY SHANKAR (Princes).—The Indian dancers return for a short season. (December 4.)
 "THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE" (Old Vic).—Donald Wolfitt's Ogleby dodders (a judicious dodder) through the Colman-Garrick comedy: a welcome restoration of a show-piece of the seventeen-sixties. (December 5.)

AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE SINCE DECEMBER 11: EMLYN WILLIAMS AS CHARLES DICKENS. MR. WILLIAMS' SOLO PERFORMANCES WHICH HAVE ALREADY ACHIEVED SUCH SUCCESS AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, AND THE CRITERION THEATRE ARE TO CONTINUE UNTIL JANUARY 21. HE IS GIVING HIS SERVICES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ACTORS' ORPHANAGE DURING HIS ENTIRE SEASON AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE.

Our last look backward is to the boy actors of Shakespeare's day. In the past, Guy Boas has often revived those times for us in his exciting schoolboy productions at Sloane School, Chelsea. This year, in a "Merchant of Venice" spoken with suppleness and clarity, he has found a boy Jessica who is a match for any actress of the part I recall. He looks, moves, and speaks like Jessica; and the name of G. Phillipp is now firmly in my notebook. That, surely, is how they did it in the high days on Bankside.

MASSINE'S BRILLIANT ESSAY ON SCOTS THEMES:
"DONALD OF THE BURTHENS" AT COVENT GARDEN.



NEARING THE FINALE OF THE SUCCESSFUL NEW BALLET, "DONALD OF THE BURTHENS": DEATH (BERYL GREY), BACK TO FOOTLIGHTS, DANCES WITH THE KING (LESLIE EDWARDS) AND HIS GUEST (JULIA FARRON).



DONALD (ALEXANDER GRANT), THE WOOD-CARRIER, BEFORE HIS BARGAIN WITH DEATH. WITH THE WOMEN OF THE "WAULKING SONG"—THE OPENING SCENE OF THE NEW BALLET.



THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH AND THE DEATH OF DONALD: DONALD (ALEXANDER GRANT) DIES AND THE BRILLIANT CHERRY-SCARLET FIGURE OF DEATH (BERYL GREY) TRIUMPHS IN HER VICTORY.



THE TRICKSY DONALD AND THE GREAT TRICKSTER DEATH: ALEXANDER GRANT AND BERYL GREY IN ONE OF THEIR SEVERAL BRILLIANT PAS DE DEUX.

DONALD, NOW TRANSFORMED INTO A SUCCESSFUL DOCTOR, CURES THE DYING CHILD OF THE MOTHER, PLAYED BY JULIA FARRON, BEFORE THE STANDING STONES OF AN ANCIENT SCOTLAND.



DEATH AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE KING (LESLIE EDWARDS), WITH THE MOURNERS AND THE MOURNING WOMEN: DONALD HERE TRICKS DEATH AND SAVES THE KING.

On December 12 the Sadler's Wells Ballet gave the première, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, of a remarkable ballet on a legendary Scottish theme called "Donald of the Burthens." It is a sardonic comedy of the bargain between the wood-carrier Donald and Death, whereby Donald becomes a successful doctor, several times tricking Death in the bargain but at last falling a victim. The ballet is by Leonide Massine to music specially composed on Scots themes by Ian Whyte, and the décor (by Robert Colquhoun and

Robert MacBryde) brilliantly sets it in a primitive and megalithic Scotland. The leading rôles are danced with the greatest distinction by Beryl Grey as Death and Alexander Grant as Donald. The ballet as a whole fuses Scottish dance, music and ideas into a homogeneous and mounting exciting whole and the first performance was received with tumultuous applause by a crowded house. A striking and unusual feature of the ballet is the completely successful use of the bagpipes and the Celtic "mouth-music."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TIN-ENAMEL EARTHENWARE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

array of Hispano-Moresque wares and Italian maiolica from the Salting Bequest, long since familiar to collectors, and in addition, the beautiful collection of mainly French pieces formed by the late Mr. Stuart Davis and left by him to the nation.

I have no very high opinion of my own judgment about the quality and range of the earthenware pieces manufactured in France, and when I found myself becoming more and more interested, I began to

contemporaries, but the industry was a long time dying, and in the process displayed astonishing taste and inventiveness, first in the attempts to rival porcelain, and then against the hopeless odds of a new material which could stand up to the normal hazards of household work.

It is curious that the fashionable world in France at first paid no attention to an earthenware which though easily chipped or broken, was far more pleasant for table use than wooden or pewter platters, or than silver, and it was not until Louis XIV., during the last and worst of the recurring financial crises of his reign (1709), consigned much of his own silver and that of his courtiers to the melting-pot, that faience became really respectable. Amid a wealth of varied material in this beautifully-displayed Bequest, I have space for but three illustrations.

You must guess the colour *nuances*, which are very subtle—and indeed, if you take my advice and go slowly round the gallery, you will find yourself stopping every yard or so because of some unexpected harmony. For example, this plate of Fig. 2, which perhaps looks a little alarming in monochrome—anyway, a border of naturalistic leaves is not necessarily to everyone's taste—does make use of the most delightful tones of violet and various shades of olive-green, with one touch of blue for the flowers on the left. Needless to add that the colours are exceedingly soft (query: can colours be soft? Subdued, I suppose, is the word). The exhibits include a very gay tureen, with some noble splashes of orange setting off the predominant greens and purples. The flower decoration is admirable and very near Chinese. Connoisseurs of these matters will be pleased with the well-intentioned but



FIG. 1. "A LOVELY MARRIAGE OF WESTERN EUROPE AND THE MOORISH SOUTH": A HISPANO-MOESQUE TIN-ENAMEL DISH, VALENCIA, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

This example of "the splendid fifteenth- and sixteenth-century lustre dishes," made in Spain (mostly dull yellow, blue and mauve) "referred to somewhat ponderously as Hispano-Moresque" is, writes Frank Davis, "a lovely marriage of Western Europe and the Moorish South."

wonder whether I was not being led astray by extremely clever showmanship, for the new scheme of things at the Victoria and Albert does not allow the visitor to suffer from museum fatigue unless he is a complete donkey and tries to take in the whole of the nation's treasures in a single morning. But my self-esteem was restored when, after enquiring of one or two people who really know their way about what is to many of us not familiar ground, I discovered that this collection, gradually built up over many years, is recognised as the finest in the country and is regarded as one of the most important benefactions to the Museum of recent years. By the end of the eighteenth century the technique was nearly as dead as the dodo, overwhelmed by the more practical bone-china wares of Josiah Wedgwood and his



FIG. 2. PAINTED IN "LITTLE FIRE" TECHNIQUE: A FRENCH FAIENCE (SCEAUX) PLATE WITH FLOWERS AND LEAF BORDER IN NATURAL COLOURS, c. 1765.

"This plate . . . which perhaps looks a little alarming in monochrome . . . does make use of the most delightful tones of violet and various shades of olive-green, with one touch of blue for the flowers on the left."

colours do not smudge in the kiln. That was the early practice, but it had this disadvantage—only a limited range of colours was possible. Much later (end of the seventeenth century) the Germans, as part of continuous attempts to imitate Chinese porcelain, began to glaze and fire the pieces before painting them; then they painted them and gave them a second firing at a lower temperature. Thus, whereas before colours were restricted to shades of green (from copper oxide), blue (cobalt), purple (manganese), yellow (antimony), and orange (iron), by the eighteenth century they included vermilion, crimson, pink and gold. The French with their gift for neat, accurate nursery language, called these two methods "great fire" and "little fire," which explains the matter to perfection and makes scientific jargon a waste of time.

From Spain the technique spread to Italy and thence all over Europe—and that's a long story. Now it so happens that this summer the Victoria and Albert Museum opened yet another gallery, and in it will be found a noble



FIG. 3. A BRISTOL DELFT PLATE, c. 1760: IMITATING CHINESE DECORATION. This plate is decidedly genteel and tame by comparison with the French examples of tin-enamel.

Illustrations by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright reserved.



FIG. 4. PAINTED IN "GREAT FIRE TECHNIQUE": A FRENCH FAIENCE TABLE-CENTRE (*surlout de table*), c. 1744.

The candleholders of this large centre-piece have been left unglazed and subsequently oil gilded on a red ground. Gilding was first used at Strasbourg in 1744 on pieces offered to Louis XV. when he visited that city.

wholly un-Chinese conception of a dragon-hunt, which is treated with baroque vigour on the lid. The dragon himself has emigrated far from his ancestral home and has grown some of the attributes of his European brethren, notably wings, a forked tail and a bad temper. As everybody knows, Chinese dragons were invariably benign creatures until they were led astray by Europeans. Fig. 4 is a rare table-centre in various colours. This was a strange, sober fashion for a time when all the best people would want an elaborate confection of Meissen porcelain—a temple with figures or something of the kind—with which to grace their dinner-parties.

Finally, by way of contrast, is a plate from Bristol (Fig. 3) of about 1760—typical of a large class of so-called English Delft of the period. It is agreeably, if haltingly, pseudo-Chinese and is not over-decorated like so much pottery of that and every other decade. But we have to admit that it is tame stuff compared with the other pieces on this page.

THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE: A ROYAL OCCASION, A DISCOVERY, AND DEVICES OLD AND NEW.



YOUNG MUSICIANS PRACTISING SILENTLY—EXCEPT TO THEMSELVES AND THEIR MASTER: A REMARKABLE INNOVATION IN MUSIC TEACHING.
The girls in our photograph are each practising a different piece, yet each only hears herself; and the master can listen in to any one at will. This is achieved by means of a "silent" electronic organ invented by Mr. H. D. I. Belham. Up to twenty-four keyboards can be used from one tone unit.



PRESENTATIONS TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE LONDON COLISEUM MIDNIGHT MATINÉE IN AID OF THE NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH MR. TONY CURTIS (LEFT) AND MISS JANET LEIGH, TWO OF THE ARTISTS WHO APPEARED.

T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the London Coliseum Midnight Matinée on December 10-11, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. After the performance, many of the artists who took part in the brilliant variety programme were presented.



THE "ANELLO ELASTICO": AN ITALIAN SPRING DEVICE TO SUPERSEDE THE PNEUMATIC TYRE AND ELIMINATE PUNCTURES.
Antonio Pieroni, of Naples. It is called the "anello elastico" (elastic ring) and, as can be seen, it consists of a series of intertwined springs which take the place of the air and inner tube of the conventional car and bicycle tyre. The device has the obvious advantage of cutting out all possibility of puncture, and it is claimed by its inventor to support and cushion a vehicle in precisely the same manner as a pneumatic tyre. It is understood that the device is still in an experimental stage.



THE "ANELLO ELASTICO"; WITH A SECTION FITTED IN AN OUTER COVER TO SHOW ITS APPLICATION IN PRACTICE.

The two photographs above illustrate a device designed by an Italian inventor, Signor Antonio Pieroni, of Naples. It is called the "anello elastico" (elastic ring) and, as can be seen, it consists of a series of intertwined springs which take the place of the air and inner tube of the conventional car and bicycle tyre. The device has the obvious advantage of cutting out all possibility of puncture, and it is claimed by its inventor to support and cushion a vehicle in precisely the same manner as a pneumatic tyre. It is understood that the device is still in an experimental stage.



AT WORK ON "SYMBOL OF LIGHT," A GIRL'S HEAD SCULPTURED IN TRANSPARENT PLASTIC: DR. A. FLEISCHMANN.

Dr. Arthur Fleischmann has just completed a sculptured head of a girl cut from an exceptionally large block of transparent plastic, weighing 216 lb. It is to be installed as "Symbol of Light" on the new building of a leading Dutch electric-light bulb company. It was hoped to exhibit it in London before dispatch.



RAZORS OF THE PAST: (LEFT) CHINESE BLUNT RAZOR MONEY; (RIGHT, UPPER) A ROMAN RAZOR (FIRST CENTURY A.D.) AND (LOWER) A BRONZE AND IVORY EGYPTIAN RAZOR (2800-2300 B.C.).
An exhibition of "Razors Past and Present" opened at the Science Museum on December 12 and was to remain open until January 9. It is drawn from the collections of Mr. J. H. Rand, the Sheffield City Museum, and other sources. It ranges from primitive obsidian flakes from Peru (which may have been used as razors) to modern safety razors and electric shavers. The Chinese blunt razors of about 1000-1500 years ago were used as currency.



THE REMAINS OF A SAXON CROSS OF THE TENTH TO ELEVENTH CENTURIES DISCOVERED DURING THE RECONSTRUCTION OF ALL-HALLOWES-BY-THE-TOWER CHURCH.

This cross fragment of sandstone is the second to be discovered under the floor of the Church of All-Hallows-by-the-Tower during its reconstruction after bomb damage. The diameter of the complete circle is about 2 ft. The inscription is only partly deciphered, and shows part of a name WERHERE... On this face there are traces of red colour, and on the reverse of black and white. All Hallows dates from 675 A.D. The fragment had been re-used as building material.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

ART is notoriously unprogressive on the highest level. Great writers don't become more numerous or greater with the march of time, or even with the march of mind. But talented writers do multiply, and there is no denying that, with the march of time, under the spur of competition and example, they become cleverer. This is so true of fiction that it could be illustrated nearly any week in the year. Yet though the novel is the very playground of cleverness, "Turn the Key Softly," by John Brophy (Collins; 10s. 6d.), contrives to stand out.

At eight o'clock one morning, just before Christmas (such is the writer's seasonable talent), three women are released from gaol. The moment is their only bond. Stella and Monica are young, but wholly unlike. Stella, a vulgar, vain and rather cold little piece, was run in for soliciting, while Monica, proud, stylish, intellectual, has been doing two years for housebreaking with violence. Mrs. Quilliam is an old lag, a nice old body with a "weakness." Normally they would lose each other at the prison gates, but Monica had the idea of a salute to liberty; and so they are to meet and celebrate that evening at the Piccadilly Corner House.

Meanwhile each goes about her life. Stella's young man is at the gate—for Stella has a young man, a bus conductor who has offered marriage. And she is conscious of her luck, and really means to live up to him. Bob gives her breakfast and the necessary funds, and tells her just what to do. She is to stay away from her old haunts; she is to find herself a room, perhaps in Canonbury. He tells her how to get there, and appoints a meeting after the day's work. But though her course is mapped and her intention good, somehow time vanishes—and by some evil magic she has never left the West End.

Monica has a good intention of another stamp. She also is to start afresh, by finishing with Gerald Bohun. Though her companions in release would be amazed to hear it, sex has been Monica's undoing; she is a kind of female Jude, struggling upwards from provincial poverty, and then defeated by the flesh. But not again! Gerald, that gentlemanly crook, shall not enslave her again. Only he must be found, because he owes her money. So she sets out to look for him—and ends, as usual, in his practised arms.

Old Mrs. Quilliam is the happy one. She has kept out of trouble, she has been welcomed back to her old room, and best of all, she has her darling, her incomparable Johnny. And there is still the Corner House, that pinnacle of grandeur. . . . Oh, what a lucky day!

Lucky it is for Mrs. Quilliam, to the very last. And at the very last, by an ingenious dovetailing of accidents, Stella and Monica regain their hold upon the new life.

Probably not for long—but why reflect? The tale is over; and a most intelligent, engaging story it was. "Hero of a Summer's Day," by John Pudney (Bodley Head; 11s. 6d.), is a romance of atmosphere, an emanation of the Thames in June—a sudden wash, rocking the pleasure-boat of young affection.

Natalie Curtis is eighteen. She can't deny that Anthony is "just right for her," but that is just the snag. The Curtises and Hays are rich, and intimate, and river-neighbours; they have been playing at Happy Families for years, and there is something flat and ignominious in taking one's cue. So Natalie is in a mood of self-assertion. And she has a new boat which, like the ancient latchkey, is a symbol of maturity. Instantly launching out, she drives straight for the weir, smashes her silly craft, and owes her life to an intruding shadow, who thrusts his own into her charge. He says his name is Robert; he is "wanted for a killing," and he wants her to know. She is the only one who knows. And now she must forget him.

But, of course, she can't. For three "long, handsome days" she is intent on saving him. Not in deluded ignorance; she has to recognise him as a young thug, but still he "wanted her to know," and that must mean she has power. Indeed, her power is great; Robert has fastened on her as an idol, and he can't make off. He takes a job as "Charley" on the *Countess Beautiful*, just for a passing vision of her.

Meanwhile the river-idyll is going on. The elders are completely guileless. But among the younger sort there is a consciousness of the intruder, and a scheme of action.

This story might have been a thriller, and it might even have been grim. But not at all; it is a delicate, romantic drama, with the *genius loci* playing the chief part.

"The Man Who Killed the King," by Dennis Wheatley (Hutchinson; 15s.), is half a super-Scarlet-Pimpernel and half a record of the French Revolution. Yet it is no more than a chapter in the story of Roger Brook. This time his confidential charge from Mr. Pitt is to direct the flight of the French Royalties, or, failing that, to steal away the Dauphin. He dons a revolutionary mask and soon becomes a key-patriot; so he is deep in everything that happens, from August 10 to the death of Robespierre. His leisure hours are given to contending passions. He loves his English wife, he loves the fierce and tragic Athénais—and he fails to keep them apart. It must be owned that his exertions for the Queen have no better luck. But as the "little Capet" did not perish in the face of multitudes, with him invention has a free hand.

The whole concoction is robust, and lavishly informative, and stuffed with horrors. But it has not the makings of a "Scarlet Pimpernel."

"The Body Drank Coffee," by Newton Hill (Robert Hale; 9s. 6d.), requires indulgence as a maiden effort. Miles Harder, boss of a firm of wholesale druggists, is disliked by all, except the confidential secretary, who is also his mistress. One morning he is found disposed of. There is the usual press of suspects; everyone within range—partner, cashier, accountant, separated wife—had cogent reasons for removing him, and all were individually and secretly milling round. He has been poisoned by means of a new drug (in a cup of coffee) in the experimental stage, every existent grain of which remains intact; so there is no want of mystery. Nor are we done out of the customary second corpse, or any other adjunct. But when it comes to presentation and agreeability, the author has still much to learn.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AN ENCHANTED ISLAND.

IT would be difficult to imagine anything less in common with the subject matter of the first of the books I review to-day, than the place and the circumstances in which I write it. For my first book is about Cyprus and I write about it in Co. Galway, five miles from the Atlantic, after a day's woodcock shooting, before a turf fire, with a background sibilant whisper of the rain that spoils that shooting.

I can find little connection between the delightful unsophistication of Galway and the equally delightful centuries-old cynicism of Cyprus. Such is the evocative power, however, of Patrick Balfour's "The Orphaned Realm" (Marshall; 18s.), that I find myself transported to that most enchanted of islands and seeing again that incredible mixture of breath-taking natural beauty, ancient buildings and garish modernity which is present-day Cyprus. The history of Cyprus is the history of the Eastern Mediterranean and the Levant states.

As Patrick Balfour (Lord Kinross) points out, the history of Cyprus is the history "of Egyptians, Hittites, Greeks, Phoenicians, Assyrians, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Byzantines, Franks, Venetians, Turks and British: of the continuous procession of peoples who conquered or colonised the island for their own strategic or commercial motives. The Cypriots had no say in all this."

Something, however, about Cyprus seems to have induced the conquerors to leave of their best in the island. British administrators, transferred, according to the curious custom of the Colonial Office, from governing the negroes of Nigeria or the Gold Coast to pit their wits against the quickest-witted governed race on earth, become more pliant and pliable. Even they fall in love with the place. They are reluctant to be transferred. Even when Government House is burnt down by misguided patriots about their ears and the personal treasures of a lifetime of knowledgeable collecting go up in smoke, their affection for Cyprus is undimmed. They keep in touch with all that goes on in the island, writing to *The Times* angrily if Cyprus is criticised, pleadingly if the island suffers disaster. And I agree with them. The island of Aphrodite casts its spell over me at once—not because of the charms of Aphrodite's modern successors (for those charms are minimal)—but because . . . because of what? Well, if you want to know you must read Patrick Balfour's book, scholarly, astringent, witty and wholly delightful.

In an unusually good batch of books this week I must next treat "The English Past," by A. L. Rowse (Macmillan; 15s.). The author has hit on the happy fancy of marrying places and persons and out of this union creating a vision of the many-layered civilisation which is England. No one is better qualified to do this than this excellent historian whom I remember as a rather angry Left-Wing don, but whom the passage of time and the study of England's past seem greatly to have mellowed. He takes us back into the past to meet Milton on Shotover; we share with him Swift's curious, disillusioned retirement from affairs when he saw the Tories he had served and the two statesmen he had loved, Harley and Bolingbroke, missing a golden opportunity through personal dissension and lack of foresight. And all those who knew the late John Buchan and were the recipients of his kindness and hospitality at Elmsfield will be grateful to A. L. Rowse for the charming, evocative chapter, "To Mr. Buchan at Elmsfield."

Whenever Swift passed White's he used to shake his fist at it—partly on political grounds but largely because the gambling and roystering which went on in the coffee-house which was to become the club were the ruin of so many young men of his acquaintance. I doubt if anybody is likely to demonstrate in so violent a manner outside that lovely façade to-day. White's has long needed a historian—and in Mr. Percy Colson, the author of "White's: 1693-1950" (Heinemann; 25s.), the club has found one admirably suited to the task of placing on record its long, varied, distinguished and amusing history. For although, of the thirty-two administrations from Walpole to Peel, every Prime Minister was a member, and although its past membership list reads like the history of England, White's has a tradition of lightheartedness which well accords with Mr. Colson's style. Of course, the subject is a natural winner. It would be impossible to be dull in telling the story of a club which has seen not only the great statesmen, the great soldiers and sailors and administrators, but some of the great eccentrics as well, since the Italian Mr. White (*né* Bianco) opened his Chocolate House the year before the Bank of England was founded. The book is admirably illustrated with photographs, reproductions of some of the club's excellent prints, and with such famous cartoons as Gillray's "Horror of the French Invasion," and Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," which show the lightning striking White's in its old position down at the bottom of St. James's Street, next door to the Palace. One curious thing about White's which I only discovered in the war, when wines were in short supply and White's wine list was a scanty affair for so famous a club, is that it possesses practically no wine cellars, buying wine a few dozen at a time on a hand-to-mouth basis.

I do not think that that doyen of wine connoisseurs, Mr. H. Warner Allen, the author of "Natural Red Wines" (Constable; 18s.), would entirely approve of this faintly cavalier way of dealing with a cellar. Mr. Warner Allen's books and the fine judgment of wines they contain have long been a treasured feature of my library. In this case he is retreating ground over which he walked nearly a quarter of a century ago. A quarter of a century, however, can mature the appreciation of wines even of an established connoisseur, and in the process Mr. Warner Allen's views have both hardened and softened. With some wines he is more, with others less, severe. A first-class book—made more interesting still by the chapters on South African, Australian and American wines.

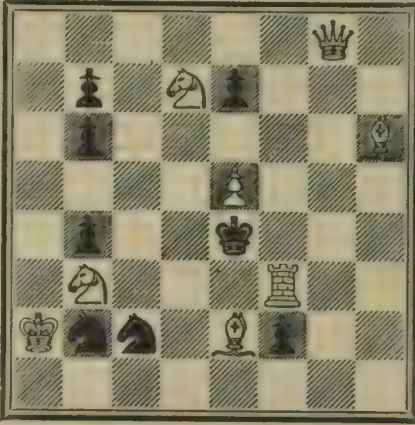
I would feel guilty at leaving so little space for "The Second Burst," by Sir Alfred Munnings (Museum Press; 25s.), if I had not so recently (as it seems to me) reviewed the first volume of his autobiography, of which this is the second bite at the same cherry. Suffice it that the second large mouthful is as delicious as the first!

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FOR problemists, I offer this week a neat "White to play and mate on his second move against any defence" composition kindly contributed by Mr. George Hicks, of Malvern. (Key is given at foot of this article.)



(White playing up the board.)

For players, two super-sharp games in the French Defence. The first, played in a Saxony v. Berlin match, is absurd:

GROSSNER	BUEDRICH	GROSSNER	BUEDRICH
1. P-K4	P-K3	5. KP×P	Q×P
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	6. P-QB4	Kt-Kt5 !?
3. Kt-Q2	Kt-QB3	7. P×Q?	Kt-Q6,
4. Kt-K2	P-K4		which is mate....

The second, from the U.S. "Open" Championships, is superb:

COLES	WESTBROOK	COLES	WESTBROOK
1. P-K4	P-K3	6. B×P	P-B4
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	7. KKt-K2	P×P
3. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	8. Kt×P	Q-R4
4. B-KKt5	B-Kt5	9. B×Kt	B×Ktch
5. B-Q3	P×P	10. P×B	Q×Pch



White now insists on sacrificing both his rooks!

11. Q-Q2!	Q×Rch	16. Kt×Pch	K-B1
12. K-K2	Q-Kt7	17. Kt-K6ch	P×Kt
13. R-QKt1	Q×R	18. Q-Q6ch	K-Kt1
14. Kt×P!	B-Q2	19. Q-Kt3ch	Resigns.

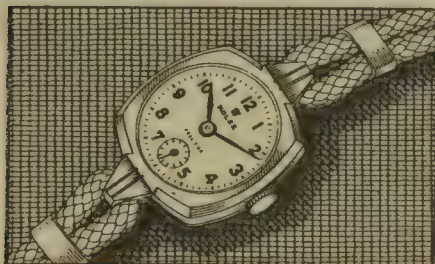
THE PROBLEM: B-R6! (threatening 2. B×P mate). If 1... P×B; 2. Q-QR8. If 1... K×R; 2. Kt-Q2, and so on.

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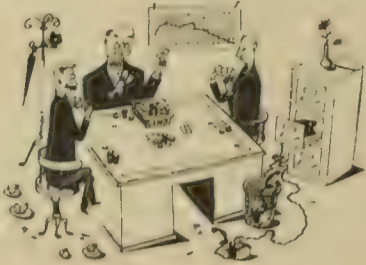


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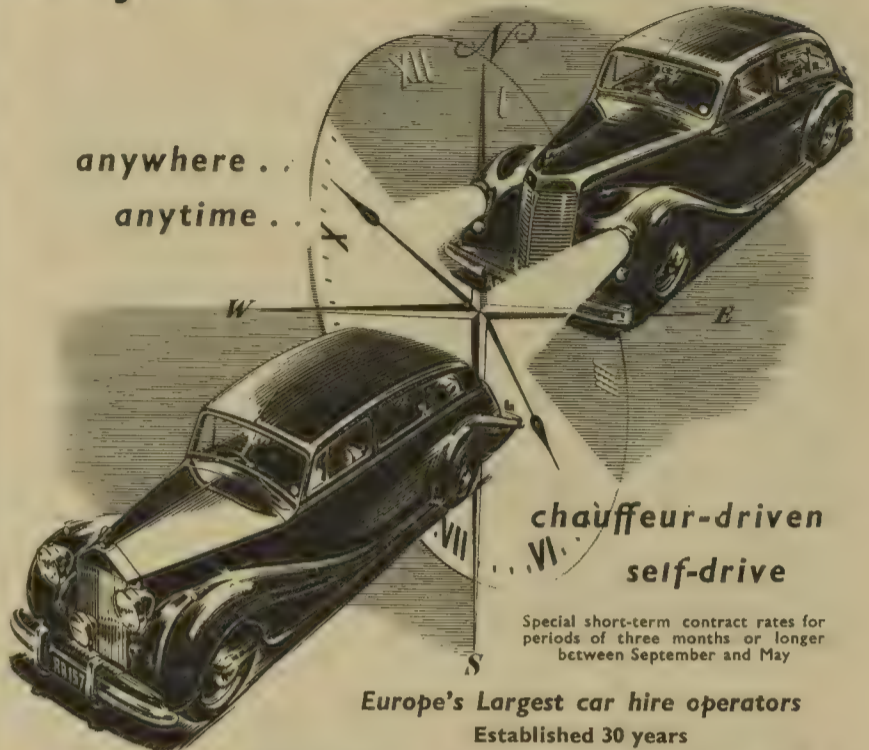
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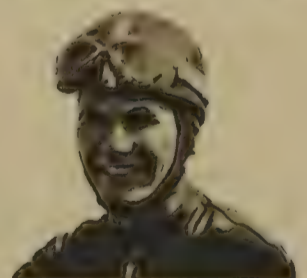


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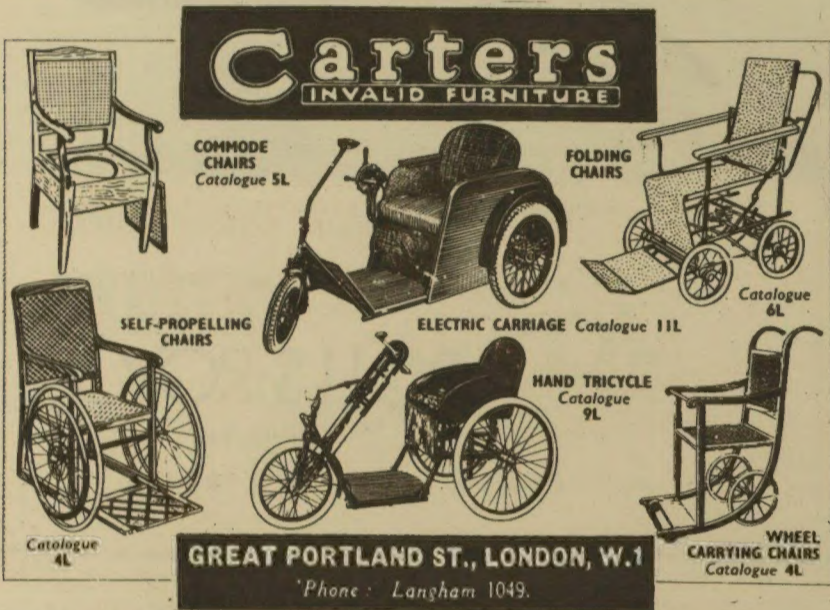


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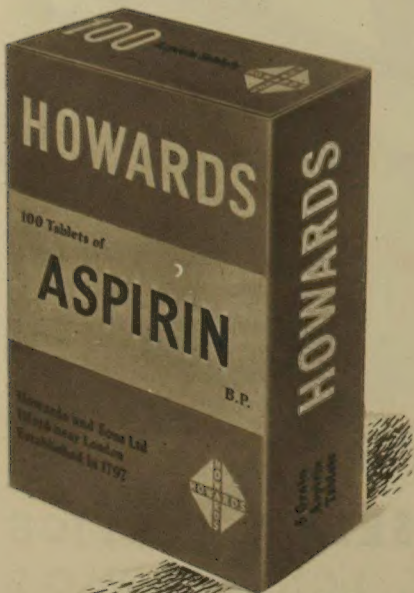
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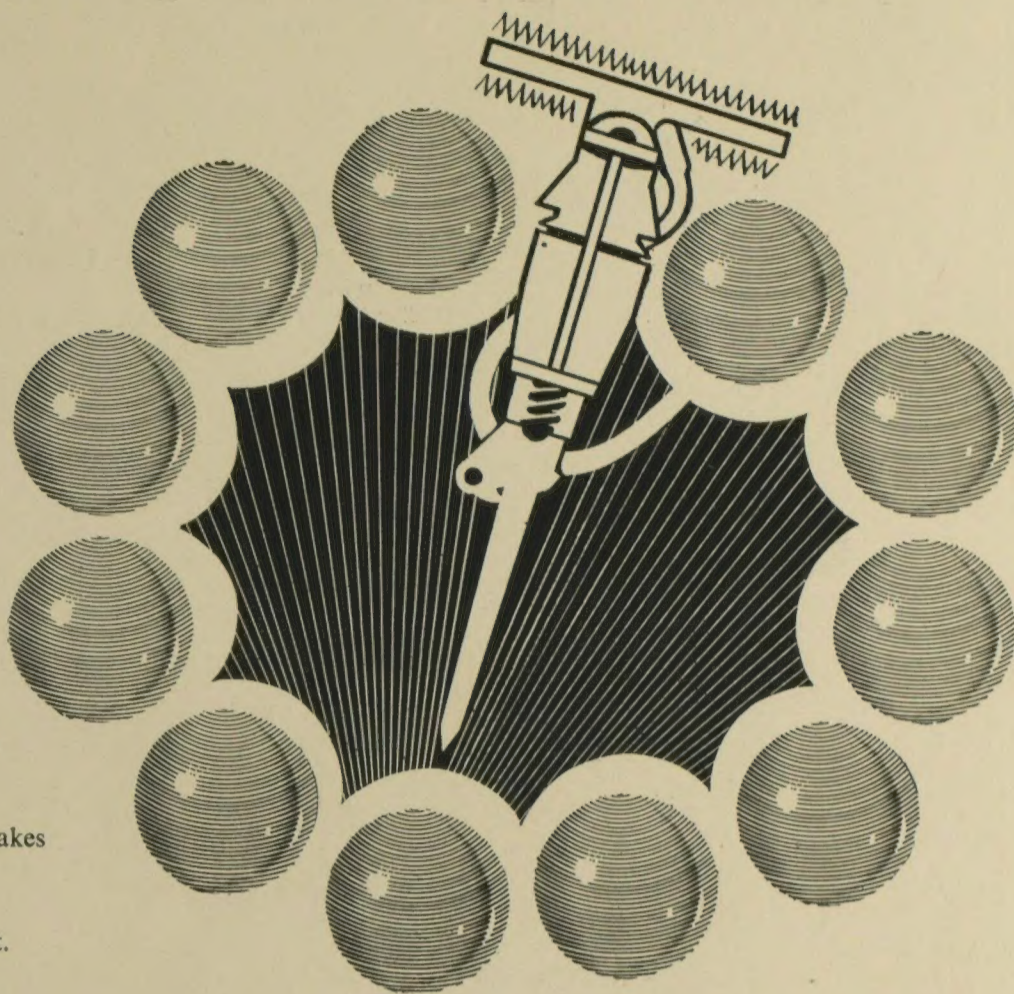
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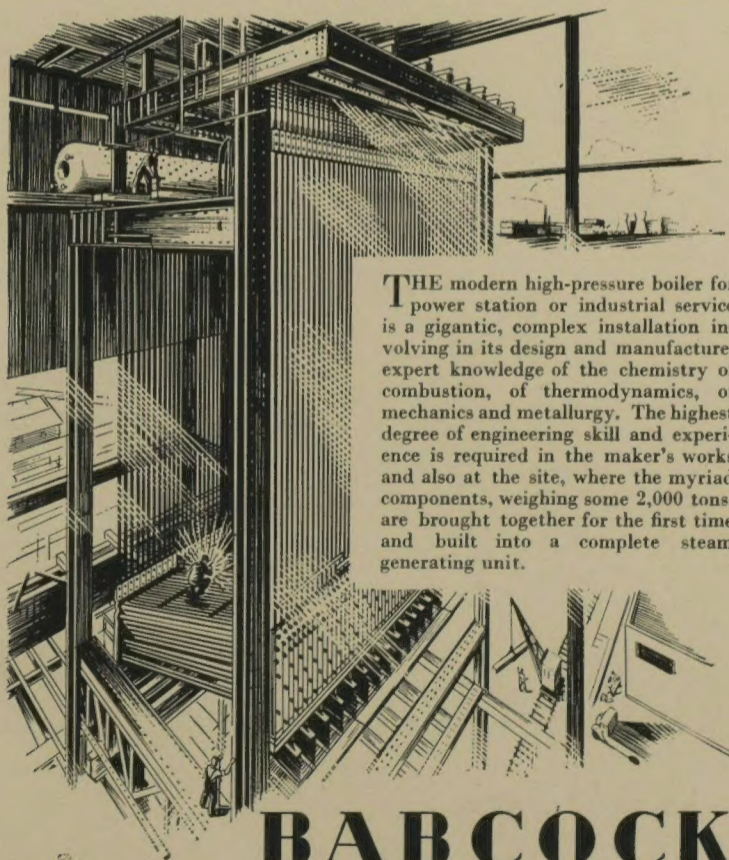


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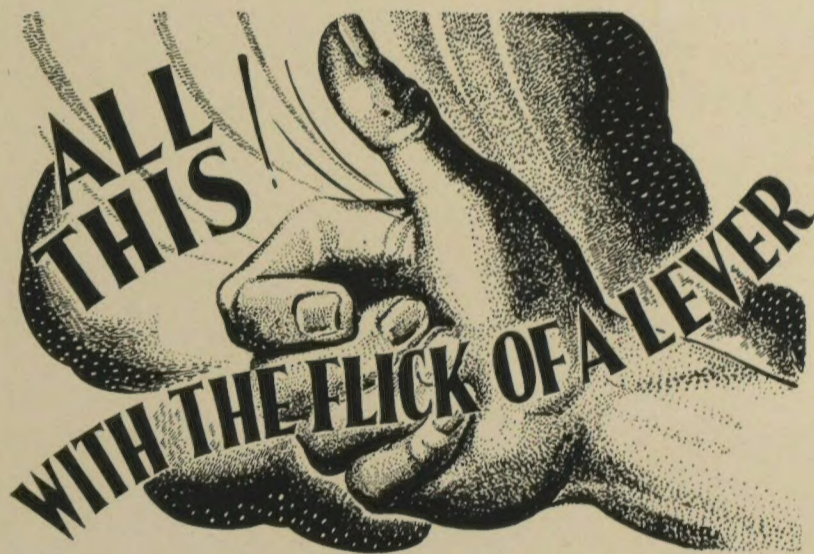


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